

THE
R A M B L E S
O F
MR. FRANKLY.
VOL. IV.

THE

RAMBLE

THE

OF

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MR. FRANKLY.

OF

PUBLISHED BY HIS SISTER

MR. FRANKLY.

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LONDON

Printed for T. BAKER, the Corner of
the Adelphi, in the Strand.

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THE
RAMBLES
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MR. FRANKLY.

THE MORNING.

EVERY new day brings a fresh variety with it to make it pleasing. How can I say to make it pleasing, when so many disagreeable events continually occur either to ourselves or others?—But as there is

VOL. IV.

B

often

often a mixture of the agreeable, what is there which so imperceptibly steals away as time? 'Tis wisdom to make the most of it, nor foolishly refuse the admonitions of a real friend.

AFTER having welcomed the returning day with thanksgiving for our health and safety, we cheerfully sat down to breakfast. Our little ones stood round the table, and their innocent playfulness made the treat more grateful.—Lady D*** came in.—

THE hour was an early one. We told her we did not expect the pleasure

sure of seeing her so soon, though our
 wishes for her company were as early
 as her visit. In return to our com-
 pliment, her tearful eyes informed us
 that rest had been a stranger to them.
 We prevailed on her to sit down,
 and partake of our repast;—but she
 wanted to taste our content, to make
 it become as pleasant to her as it was
 to us.—When our children and ser-
 vants were withdrawn, she addressed
 us in the following manner:—

The hour was an early one. We
 told her we did not expect the plea-
 sure

HISTORY OF LADY D***.

" BY what passed at the masque-
 " rade last night, you were
 " convinced that I *am* not that happy
 " being I generally *appear* :—yet my
 " story has nothing singular or un-
 " common in it. Young as I am, I
 " have been several years united to
 " Sir Henry D***. I was the ob-
 " ject of his youthful love. Neither
 " interest nor parents were consulted,
 " till our hearts were exchanged,
 " and mutual vows had passed. Our
 " families had long been acquainted,
 " and the prospect of our union gave
 " joy to many. My parents gave
 " me

“ me with pleasure to his arms, and
 “ with equal satisfaction was I re-
 “ ceived and acknowledged for a
 “ daughter by his.—For three years
 “ never was a happier pair—Neither
 “ seemed to have a wish that extended
 “ beyond the other.—But it is not in
 “ the power of human nature to be
 “ happy long. Those passions and
 “ enjoyments which were given with
 “ that most benevolent design of
 “ making us happy, are wantonly
 “ perverted by the depravity of our
 “ natures, and become the means of
 “ making us miserable. Sir Henry
 “ was, nay he still remains, the most
 “ accomplished of men. The fel-
 “ city we enjoyed, soon rendered us

“objects of envy. The women dis-
 “covered unusual charms in my hus-
 “band—Nor was I without admi-
 “rers. But guess the agony which
 “rushed upon my soul, when I dis-
 “covered a coolness in my husband’s
 “behaviour, and soon found that his
 “home was become disagreeable.
 “A mistake too which happened in
 “the direction of a letter, occasioned
 “one to fall into my hands that at
 “once unfolded the mystery. For
 “many months has he been enslaved
 “by that female libertine we saw him
 “with at the masquerade. She is
 “married to a man old enough to be
 “her father—one who first lawfully
 “prostituted herself for interest and
 “title,

“title, that she might have a fanc-
 “tion and excuse for her vices.—But
 “this is not the whole of my mis-
 “fortune.—The known inconstancy
 “of my husband has encouraged
 “some of his licentious companions
 “—even his pretended friends—to
 “talk to me of love, and avow their
 “lawless passion, not doubting but
 “an injured, slighted woman would
 “be willing to take revenge.—Not
 “all my refusals, nor the most con-
 “temptible coldness, will guard me
 “from their insults. I am often, for
 “weeks, a voluntary prisoner in my
 “own house, merely to avoid them
 “—but that will not at all times
 “do, as Sir Henry frequently brings

“ party home with him. To him I
 “ dare not complain, lest it might
 “ bring suspicion on my conduct, tho’
 “ undeserved; or what is worse, ex-
 “ pose his life to the danger of a duel.
 “ —My parents—thank Heaven!—
 “ are unacquainted with my sorrows
 “ —whilst his still feel the delight
 “ of *thinking* him one of the best of
 “ husbands.—And I begin to think
 “ that Heaven has not totally aban-
 “ doned me, since it has granted the
 “ soothing consolation of a friend,—
 “ whose advice I must beg leave to
 “ ask.” —

“ TALK not of being abandoned
 “ by Heaven;”—cried my weeping

Julia,

Julia, rising and embracing her—
 “such worth, such virtue, must be
 “its peculiar care. Happiness is
 “waiting near, to reward your un-
 “complaining, affronted love. Sir
 “Henry will return with increased
 “affection—not only the lover, the
 “protector of your beauty, but the
 “real admirer, and friend of your
 “worth and truth.”——

“Thou art a just prophetess,
 “Julia,”—said I;—“and I not only
 “believe, but sincerely pray, that
 “more than you have foretold will
 “come to pass. As to advice, my
 “fair friend, you want none—your
 “conduct has rendered it unneces-
 “sary.

“sary. Proceed in the same unde-
 “viating path — contentment and
 “happiness will be found at the end
 “of it.”

“YOUR words, Mr. Frankly,”—
 said she,—“send a transport of de-
 “light to my deserted bosom — for
 “I love my Henry with the fondness
 “of a wife, the sincerity of a friend,
 “and all that ardour of undissembled
 “passion which Hymen and Virtue
 “alone could vindicate.”

A SERVANT came to inform her,
 that Sir Henry was come home, and
 desired to speak with her. She left
 us, with her heart the easier for
 having

having unburdened itself. She was pleased, too, with the approbation which we expressed at her conduct — because she had no reason to doubt our sincerity.

“Your words, Mr. Frank,” said she, “tend to transport of delight to my beloved bosom — for I love my kinsman with the fondness of a wife, the sincerity of a friend, and all the ardour of undisciplined passion which Hymen and Virtue alone could vindicate.”

A servant came to inform her that Sir Henry was come home, and desired to speak with her. She left us, with her heart the easier for having

A TETE A TETE.

I Have an unusual load on my
 “spirits,”—said Julia, sighing.

“Poor Lady ***! What a hard
 “fate is hers! Tell me, my dear
 “Frankly, are there none so happy
 “in this world as ourselves?”

“None more so,” cried I;—“peo-
 “ple in general carry their hopes
 “beyond their enjoyments, and by
 “that means procure a disappoint-
 “ment.”—“But we found more
 “content amongst our former set of
 “acquaintance than we do amongst
 “our present.”—“True,”—said I;
 “the bounties of Providence are
 “more

“ more equally distributed than the
 “ generality of mankind think they
 “ are: and although Fortune does
 “ not seem to smile upon the hum-
 “ ble villagers, were they to ex-
 “ change situations with a king,
 “ they would, perhaps, find reason to
 “ repent. Pride and ambition are
 “ frequently seen to defeat their own
 “ designs—they often tempt a man
 “ to commit base and mean actions,
 “ in hopes of gaining the summit in
 “ view. With loss of character and
 “ peace, behold, ’tis gained. Morti-
 “ fication and discontent ensue. The
 “ respect he arrogantly expected to
 “ meet with, he cannot obtain. He
 “ finds himself despised amidst his
 “ pomp

"pomp—and begins to despise him-
 "self.—Let us, my Julia, cherish
 "the most lively gratitude in our
 "hearts for the favours we enjoy—
 "yet be armed for disappointments,
 "from which none are exempted.
 "Let us regard this world as a school
 "in which we are to learn fortitude,
 "wisdom, and resignation ;—and re-
 "member, that happiness can only
 "be found in our own bosoms."

THE PETITIONER.

AS I was sitting one morning in my study, I was surprised by the sudden entrance of a young man, to whose person I was almost totally a stranger, having only had a slight view of him two or three times at a coffee-house I sometimes frequented—but his agreeable appearance instantly prepossessed me in his favour.

I arose, and inquired what had procured me the pleasure of a visit from him. “Necessity alone,” said he, “compelled me to take this liberty.”

His cheek was suffused with a modest blush, at the confession of his poverty ;

erty; which, at that instant, my heart told me was undeserved. “ I am in distress,” continued he; — “ you are benevolent—I could relate a tale of woe.—My father was the noble Captain ——”

“ ENOUGH,” — said I — “ in what can I be of service to you?”

“ IN endeavouring to procure me a place, or commission, by which I may be enabled to support a mourning, infirm parent, and the younger part of her family. You are upon friendly terms with a certain great man in power—Inquire my character, and if you find me deserving

“serving your further notice, try to
 “get me some employment, which
 “will enable me to purchase a few
 “of the comforts of life for those I
 “love beyond myself.”

HE hastily withdrew. I instantly set
 about discovering the real character
 of my new friend, and found him not
 only deserving my notice, but that of
 every good and benevolent man. “I
 “hate to ask a favour,”—said I;—
 “but, on this occasion, I will exert
 “my utmost endeavours to serve the
 “unfortunate. Lord —— has been
 “extremely civil to me—he has even
 “condescended to court my acquaint-
 “ance—and as a mark of his friend-

“ship, had given me several hints,
 “which, he assured me, would not
 “only make me extremely popular,
 “but greatly increase my private
 “fortune; he therefore surely will
 “not refuse to serve a young man,
 “whose merit is such, as to be known
 “to him must claim his protection.
 “Surely I shall be thought to confer
 “an obligation, by giving him so fair
 “an opportunity of rescuing virtue
 “from distress.”

EXPERIENCE alone can teach us
 knowledge.

VISIT TO A GREAT MAN.

ON stopping at the door, it was with some trouble I made way through the crowd, by which I was surrounded; and when I had conquered that difficulty, I was obliged to have recourse to bribery, in order to gain admittance. I was then shewn into a parlour, and desired to wait till his lordship was at leisure to speak to me, which the servant told me would be some time, as a vast deal of company, and a number of petitioners, that morning attended his levee.—I took up a volume of Brydone's Travels; and after amusing myself with

them near two hours, was desired to walk into my lord's dressing-room. As I followed my conductor, I met a number of people coming down stairs—Disappointment, dissatisfaction, and sorrow on their countenance; some even ventured to breathe a few complaints—others withdrew in silence. I was much surprised at not hearing the grateful tribute of praise and gratitude flow from their tongues. I entered the apartment.

“Good morning to you, my good
 “Mr. Frankly,” cried lord —, running to me, and taking hold of my hand—“what has procured me
 “this honour? tell me—Is it in my
 2 “power

“power to serve you?—You know
 “you may command me.”—I liked his
 salutation, and therefore instantly in-
 formed him of my business.

WHAT a change ensued—

“I AM sorry, Mr. Frankly,”—cried
 he, coldly—“that you make appli-
 “cation to me on such an account—
 “that family has been my torment
 “for months. I have told the young
 “man my sentiments—I cannot serve
 “him.”

“His father was a brave man,
 “my lord; the son is an amiable
 “youth; and the widow, I am told,
 “deserves a more smiling fortune.”

to "ALL this may be true, Mr.
 "Frankly; but I have people to
 "whom I have long promised places
 "—I—in short, I cannot at this time
 "oblige you. I was in hopes you
 "had followed my advice—if you
 "ever chuse to do so, you may com-
 "mand me.—I am going to court—
 "you will excuse me."

I WITHDREW, disgusted with great
 men, and courtiers. "He wanted to
 "have made a tool of me," said I, "and
 "from thence proceeded his pretended
 "friendship. I will have nothing to
 "do with courtiers, or courts.—I will
 "not be bribed out of my honesty or
 "contentment. Ambition is an ene-
 " my

"my to both. Let the children of
 "pride, folly, or necessity, have re-
 "course to disguise and flattery—I
 "shunned them both, when they might
 "have been the means of adding to my
 "income—and will never disgrace my
 "nature, and shew ingratitude to my
 "heavenly Benefactor, by making my
 "fortune subservient to either. I will
 "never bribe any one to act contrary
 "to the dictates of his own heart, but
 "leave state-affairs to be directed by
 "men more wise, if not more honest,
 "than myself."—I made application to
 two or three of my friends, in behalf
 of the young man, who had been the
 occasion of this my resolution, and
 C 4 was

was so lucky as to serve him, by procuring him a place even beyond his wishes. I made him frequent visits afterwards, and found him surrounded by peace, happiness, and plenty.

SOLILOQUY.

WHAT are life's miseries, or what its joys!—we increase the former by our impatience—and by raising our expectations too high, disappoint ourselves in the latter. Experience has taught me these truths, said I, and the more I see of the world, the more I am convinced, that man has created more wretchedness, diseases, and dissatisfactions for himself, than the bountiful Founder of the world designed he should encounter. What a number of distempers have luxury, vice, and pleasure brought upon the descendants of Adam?

Adam?—How many are daily toiling, and suffering a thousand hardships, in order to increase their substance?—the good of their children is their excuse.—The love of wealth alone actuates others to put in practice a thousand arts of deceit and chicanery, in order to obtain the prize in view. But why should we suppose that riches will give happiness to our children, when it has so often been seen to have a contrary effect on ourselves? Or of what value is gold to him, who has more than enough to supply his wants, yet lets it remain untouched within his coffers?—We envy those we think happier than ourselves, and by so doing

doing increase our discontents.—And
 —but why should I dwell longer on
 the weakness, madness, and folly of
 others, when I myself am a com-
 pound of the same materials! what
 is all my boasted philosophy, when I
 am led by others to follow their
 example, and trifle away moments
 which are too precious to be so
 foolishly squandered?

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 effect on ourselves? Of what va-
 lue is gold to him, who has more
 than enough to supply his wants, yet
 lets it remain untouched within his
 coffers?—We envy those we think
 happier than ourselves, and by so
 doing

THE INTERRUPTION.

“**Y**OU will be subject to the frail-
 “ties of a mortal, till you
 “have shaken off mortality,”—said
 the stranger, unexpectedly entering
 my apartment. — “Why, my friend
 “Frankly,” he continued, “should
 “you think of being wiser, better,
 “and more perfect, than your neigh-
 “bours?”

I STARTED at being thus surprised
 in one of my moralizing hours.—
 “Stranger,”—said I, — “you have
 “caught me in one of my gravest
 “humours. I accustom my mind to
 “converse with itself,—lest I should
 “ever

“ ever live to dread the serious hour
 “ —and was just going to call myself
 “ to an account for playing the truant
 “ from reason, and becoming a spend-
 “ thrift of time.”

THE DISCOVERY.

WHAT! the masquerade has
 “occasioned you to settle this
 “account,” — said the stranger. —

“Yet, surely, the number of people
 “we saw assembled together, would in
 “a manner authorize us to play the
 “fool:—therefore, Don Diego, lay
 “aside your gravity, and let us seek
 “your Leonora.”

“If I had been endued with your
 “penetration”—said I—

“You then would have found
 “your humble servant in the habit of
 “an old Englishman”—interrupted
 he, smiling.

I INSTANTLY recollected the history I had of him from the masqued Devil, and addressed him by his name, and title. He looked surprised, and rather confused—but soon recovering himself—

—“THE pretended Devil was
 “your informer,”—said he,—“and I
 “am far from being obliged to him
 “for discovering me; no doubt but
 “you heard a strange account of me.
 “I am in many respects a Cynic
 “and a humourist. I like—dislike—
 “laugh at—condemn—and acquit
 “the world by turns. I often fly to
 “solitude, and then as eagerly return
 “to the busy haunts of men.—I did
 “not

"not wish you to know me at
 "present—but since I was my
 "own Marplot, attend to my his-
 "tory—then condemn or acquit
 "me."

HISTORY OF SIR WILLIAM SELBY.

“FROM the earliest period of
 “ my life”—said he—“ I was
 “ acquainted with misfortunes. My
 “ parents had only two sons, of
 “ which I was the younger, and un-
 “ fortunately my brother was not
 “ only heir to the whole of their
 “ estate, but he was likewise possessed
 “ of the chief of their affection. My
 “ parents were unkind; my brother
 “ ill-natured, proud and vicious.
 “ My life was rendered uncomfort-
 “ able. Every art to please was
 “ made use of, but without success.
 “ I was driven to seek abroad for

“happiness, and I vainly thought I
 “had met with it, when, with a smile,
 “the lovely Maria Arlington con-
 “sented to be my bride.—I married
 “—my parents forbade me to see
 “them, and a lieutenancy was all
 “they would bestow on me. My
 “wife, who had passed the greatest
 “part of her life in solitude, con-
 “trary to my expectation, soon be-
 “came fond of the fashionable world
 “—she listened to flattery, till it de-
 “luded her to misery. She left me,
 “and fled to the arms of an aban-
 “doned libertine, and with the very
 “man whom I looked upon as my
 “truest friend. I suspected not her
 “intention till too late to recal her.

“ —Be

“—Be her crimes and ingratitude
 “from this moment buried in eter-
 “nal oblivion! and may her suffer-
 “ings in this life atone for all the
 “agony I felt on her account! There
 “are moments when we are perfectly
 “indifferent as to the world’s opi-
 “nion—and ’tis well there are, for
 “the world will not spare the most
 “wretched, even at the time they
 “are suffering the keenest affliction.
 “—The taunts and reflections of
 “my parents and brother—the jokes
 “of my pretended friends, reached
 “my ear: I began to dislike old
 “England, and determined to try
 “whether I could not regain, in a
 “foreign land, that happiness which

“ I had lost in my own. Without
 “ taking leave of any one, I secretly
 “ departed for Bengal. Fortune there
 “ favoured me beyond my hopes.
 “ After being absent about fourteen
 “ years, and experiencing a strange
 “ vicissitude of events, I found my-
 “ self possessed of about twenty thou-
 “ sand pounds. I then began to
 “ think of returning to my native
 “ country. On my arrival, I found
 “ the greatest part of my family were
 “ dead, and that I was become heir
 “ to the title and estate; a circum-
 “ stance which the concealing my
 “ name and situation had prevented
 “ any one from informing me. I
 “ soon took possession of my estate,
 “ which

“ which was large and unencum-
 “ bered, and my affairs had been
 “ taken care of by a faithful steward.”

“ My once loved Maria had fallen
 “ a victim to her vices, and too late
 “ lamented the loss of virtue, and
 “ the husband she so unkindly de-
 “ ferted.

“ THESE are the chief events of
 “ my unfortunate life,”—said he;—
 “ can you be surpris’d at the odd-
 “ ness of my humour?—Yet believe
 “ me, Mr. Frankly, I rejoice that I
 “ have met with mortals on whom I
 “ may again bestow that tender union
 “ of affection which unkindness, de-

"ceit, and ingratitude have fre-
 "quently determined me to banish
 "from my heart. I often lay aside
 "my title, and in a mean habit,
 "and under a fictitious name, make
 "excursions about the country, en-
 "deavouring to discover, by this
 "means, the real characters of those
 "with whom I associate. If I meet
 "with any meritorious object, en-
 "compassed by affliction, or oppressed
 "by injustice, I endeavour to serve
 "them — whilst the insults and
 "rudeness I meet from those who
 "suppose themselves my superiors,
 "only excite my mirth, and serve to
 "amuse me. To mortify such, I
 "sometimes drop the mask, and then
 "treat

“treat their servility with the con-
 “tempt it deserves.”

“I CANNOT blame you,”—said I,
 rising, and taking him by the hand;
 “your sufferings have been severe,
 “and unmerited. May the remain-
 “ing part of your life be more for-
 “tunate! and may you meet only
 “with such deserving mortals as will
 “be able to give you a better opinion
 “of mankind! None enjoy the sweets
 “of life so well as those who have
 “tasted its bitters.” “I have drank
 “deeply of affliction,”—said he;—
 “but I will learn of you to forget past
 “disagreeable occurrences, and to
 “look forward in hopes of happier
 “days.”

SECOND INTERRUPTION, OR
HISTORY OF MISS CONYERS.

JULIA and Miss Conyers entered the apartment. "I admire the resolution, Sir,"—said my Julia to Sir William Selby,—“that I heard you make on my entrance, and would wish I could prevail upon my friend to do the same. Miss Conyers has left lady Highmore, and is come to spend a few weeks with us.”—“The wretched, unused to gentleness and friendship,”—said she, endeavouring to recover herself,—“remember every kindness. You gave me permission to
“ call

“ call upon you. I knew of no other
 “ who would listen to my sorrows—
 “ great as they are—without ridi-
 “ culing my folly. I have been
 “ cruelly deceived. This morning’s
 “ sun was witness to the nuptials of
 “ captain Manly and lady High-
 “ more. I was not acquainted with
 “ their intention till they returned
 “ from plighting their vows at the
 “ altar.
 “ My rival, with an air of insult-
 “ ing joy, bid me not think of leav-
 “ ing her, because she was become
 “ the wife of captain Manly;—and
 “ the man, by whom I was vain
 “ enough to think myself tenderly
 “ beloved,

"beloved, insulted me by a promise
 "to be my friend.—I will not con-
 "ceal any part of my folly," said
 she. "I fell lifeless to the earth,
 "and their triumph was completed.
 "When my reason returned, it ad-
 "monished me to fly the offered pro-
 "tection of those who had planted
 "the thorns of anguish in my bosom.
 "The innocent has fled from the
 "guilty, and dared to bring her
 "wretchedness beneath the roof of
 "the happy. If you refuse me shel-
 "ter for a few weeks, till I can fix on
 "some means for my support, I know
 "not from whom I can expect it."

"THEY

“THEY cannot, will not, refuse
 “it,”—cried Sir William Selby, start-
 ing from his seat, whilst his eyes
 spoke the feelings of his heart.—

“With this pair you will find a safe
 “and peaceful asylum; you never
 “can, you never shall want a friend
 “by your acquaintance here. I
 “know you are the child of Virtue,
 “—that is a sufficient recommenda-
 “tion. Like me, you have been de-
 “ceived, and my heart at this mo-
 “ment feels your anguish.”

SWEET and pleasant are the sooth-
 ings of friendship to the sons and
 daughters of distress.—In a few weeks

THEY

Miss

Miss Conyers appeared cheerful and composed. She began to think the loss of captain Manly was not so great as she imagined, and that the man capable of deceiving any one, was not worth a tear.

THE PROPOSAL.

“**L**ET us take a ramble, my
 “friend,”—said I, addressing
 Sir William Selby and Miss Conyers;
 —“it will serve to amuse us.”—

“Do, Sir William,” cried my Julia,
 eagerly; “oblige Mr. Frankly with
 “your company—you are fond of
 “rambling as well as himself.”—“I
 “will readily agree to your proposal,
 “Frankly,” said Sir William, “if
 “you will persuade Miss Conyers to
 “accept this paper,”—giving me a
 writing,—“which will be a means
 “of securing her from any further
 “dependence on the great and un-

“discerning, and of protecting her
 “from insults and injustice.”—I pre-
 sented the paper to Miss Conyers,
 who received it with emotion, and
 with a blush immediately returned
 it, unopened, to Sir William. “I
 “cannot, indeed I cannot intrude so
 “far on your benevolence, Sir
 “William. I am convinced of your
 “goodness, and therefore do not re-
 “fuse your generous offer from fear,
 “or pride, but justice. I am capa-
 “ble of earning my subsistence—you
 “will find many that are not—On
 “them bestow your bounty;—but
 “bless me with your friendship, so
 “long as you find me deserving of
 “it.”

“WHAT

“WHAT a girl is this!” said he, turning to me, and again giving me the paper—“keep it, Frankly. Your obstinate refusal, Miss Conyers,” said he, addressing her gravely, “shall not prevent our going with that sentimental Rambler. I will therefore be ready to attend you in two days.”—He took his leave.

“I FEAR he is displeased with me,”—said Miss Conyers, sighing, as he left the room;—“if so, I shall be unhappy.”

“PRITHEE, dear Jesse,” cried my Julia, with her usual vivacity, “have done tormenting yourself with unnecessary fears;—set your heart at rest,

“rest, and believe me when I tell
 “you, that in Sir William Selby you
 “have found a protector, lover,
 “friend.”

“BLUSH not, Miss Conyers,” said
 I, “for I believe you will find Mrs.
 “Frankly’s words strictly true. Sir
 “William will ever be the friend and
 “protector of innocence.”

WE got into our travelling coach,
 and taking our boy Charles with us,
 set off on our rambles at the time ap-
 pointed, determining to pass a few
 days at some of the genteel watering-
 places before our return.

JOURNEY TO Y*****.

NOTHING could be more pleasant than our journey to Y*****. Conversation, which too commonly is banished from every polite circle of public or private amusement, was not secluded from the vehicle in which we travelled. Who would be the slave of fashion, to become insensible to the pleasures of rational creatures?

“I AM happy,” cried my Julia, with delight sparkling in her eyes, “to be thus indulged with the company of those I love and esteem.

VOL. IV.

E

“We,

“ We, my dear Miss Conyers, are
 “ remarkably fortunate, that there
 “ are two men in the world who think
 “ us worthy to converse with, and
 “ who will endeavour to enlarge and
 “ improve our sentiments, when they
 “ find them weak, contracted, or erro-
 “ neous ;—’tis an advantage few of
 “ our sex have an opportunity of
 “ enjoying.”

“ I HAVE often”—said Sir William
 Selby,—who had now shaken off that
 reserve and severity which a life of
 misfortune had made him assume—
 “ reflected with pity and indignation
 “ on the singular hardships of the
 “ ladies in this particular, and there-
 “ fore

“ fore rejoice with Mrs. Frankly, that
 “ two of the most accomplished of
 “ her sex are excluded from a fate so
 “ mortifying.”

Miss Conyers, with a look of complacency and sweetness, rewarded the Baronet for the generosity of his sentiments, and convinced me that a mutual liking was taking place between these amiable, deceived, unfortunate friends:—nor did I doubt but an union between two persons of such known worth, must procure that felicity to each which both deserved.

SIR William was only ten years older than Miss Conyers, therefore

the disparity of their ages could be no impediment to their happiness, or a subject of ridicule to the world. Sir William was a fine figure—his face was expressive of the goodness of his heart, and therefore could not fail of being pleasing—his manner easy and polite—his conversation entertaining and improving.

Miss Conyers, who was about twenty-five, was yet in all the bloom of unfaded beauty; and few would have imagined, from the youthful loveliness of her countenance, that she had been more than eighteen.

SIR William Selby had not only endeavoured to make her independent,

dent, but happy ;—every soothing art was used to make her forget her disappointment, and to relish life.

IN company with such a man—bending under such a weight of obligations—was it to be wondered at that she beheld him with affection, or that love should find entrance to her bosom under the united powers of gratitude and friendship ? Was it unlikely that she should, on the other hand, forget the man she once loved, perhaps with an equal tenderness, who had purchased wealth at the expence of her peace and his own honour, and had unjustly been a par-

taker of one of the most solemn sacraments to give sanction to his vices, and procure those indulgences which make even rank and wealth detestable?

THE ADDRESS.

“WHY so serious, my fair Jessa?”

cried Sir William, observing Miss Conyers to have been serious and silent some time—“ what disagreeable reflections employ your thoughts, and deprive us of hearing the pleasing music of a voice, which gives additional charms to the sentiments of virtue ?”

“ FAR from disagreeable,” she returned, “ were the reflections which employed my thoughts.— I was contemplating my own happiness, and blessing those generous

E 4 “ friends,

“ friends, whose benevolence had
 “ saved me from want, and whose
 “ roof had been my shelter from a
 “ dangerous world.”

“ THAT gratitude should inhabit
 “ a mind so pure as the lovely
 “ Jeffa’s,” said Sir William, “ does
 “ not surprise me—but cease to think
 “ so highly of actions, which I would
 “ hope are not singular. We, Mr.
 “ Frankly, have the advantage—for
 “ what on earth can give such plea-
 “ sure to the soul as to render happy
 “ those we love?”

“ THE endeavouring to take the
 “ merit from the generosity of your
 “ actions,”

“actions,” she returned, “serves to
 “increase their value — but surely,
 “Mrs. Frankly, the people of this
 “world complain very unjustly of a
 “want of happiness, particularly
 “those who are blest with affluence.
 “Does not every day afford *them* an
 “opportunity not only of enjoying
 “it themselves, but in some degree
 “of bestowing it on others?”

“Who would ever think of find-
 “ing happiness from so antique and
 “uninviting a source? Really, Miss
 “Conyers, many would have sup-
 “posed, you had been too much im-
 “proved, from your long intercourse
 “with polite life, to have admitted a
 “thought

“thought so vulgar and unfashion-
 “able. If we may judge from ap-
 “pearances, and the delusions of the
 “Bon Ton, people find happiness
 “from such a complication of vices
 “and follies, that it is enough to ex-
 “tirpate benevolence from the hu-
 “man breast, and to banish virtue to
 “her native heaven.”

“HUSH, my Julia,” said I,—“life
 “is too precious to spare one mo-
 “ment of it to condemn our fellow-
 “creatures. The faults we dare to
 “blame, may perhaps arise from
 “causes which, to be well acquainted
 “with, might excite our pity. We
 “may shew our dislike to vice, and
 “our

“our contempt to folly, by never being guilty of either—’tis the best, and indeed the only way of convincing the world, that we in reality disapprove them.”

THIS gentle reproof brought the roses to my Julia’s cheek.—“I stand corrected, Mr. Frankly,” said she.—“We are, [it’s true, all subject to err. Indeed the most perfect virtue cannot authorize any one to judge and condemn the actions of another.”

THE VILLAGE.

WE did not stop till we got to a village about twenty miles from London. What a contrast to that metropolis ! the beautiful situation of this little place was really delightful—the simplicity of many of its inhabitants strikingly pleasing. We alighted at a very good inn, and, after we had given orders for our dinner, went out to be amused with a walk. We were in a disposition to be pleased with every thing we saw and met. Were mankind oftener in such a harmonious temper, how much

much more delightful would this world appear, and how imperceptibly should we glide over the little unevennesses in the road which we meet with in our journey through life?

THE TURTLE DOVES.

TWO turtle doves were hung
 out near the door of a cottage,
 and in soft, cooing, melancholy
 sounds, were telling their artless tales
 of love—nor seemed to regret con-
 finement.

“How sweetly pleasing,” said I,
 “appear these harmless birds!—
 “how faithful and disinterested is
 “their union!—so unaffected is their
 “truth, that one will not many
 “weeks survive the other, nor cease
 “to mourn till the like stroke has
 “pierced the survivor’s bosom.

“ There is something strikingly great
 “ in such natural constancy, which
 “ is seldom shaken, though variety
 “ be procured to amuse. ’Tis pity
 “ the human inhabitants of the world
 “ will not follow the example which
 “ the turtles set before them, and,
 “ by endeavouring to imitate them,
 “ taste a more exalted happiness.”

A MATRIMONIAL SCENE.

"**Y**OU are become the most extravagant, lazy, thoughtless B——h"—cried a man, in a harsh voice—"that ever existed." The reproof was followed by a blow, and the woman begged for mercy. I immediately went in—a decent pretty looking female was the object of her husband's rage.

"For shame, desist,"—said I.—
 "How unmanly to use a wife in so
 "cruel a manner!" The woman
 burst into tears.—"Oh! William,"
 —she cried,—
 "I never expected this
 "from

“ from you. Was it for this I passed
 “ so many sleepless nights and miser-
 “ able days when you were gone for
 “ a soldier, and refused so many offers
 “ for your sake ? I am neither extra-
 “ vagant nor lazy.—Times, I know,
 “ go hard with you ; but I cannot
 “ earn so much as I did before the
 “ birth of my little boy—Nor will
 “ your ill-humour lessen the price of
 “ provisions. Many in this place are
 “ greater sufferers than we are.”—

“ You must keep birds,—said he,
 —“ because I suppose they were
 “ given by some of the lovers you
 “ boast of so much—and spend half
 “ your time in dressing, that you may

“be finer than your neighbours.
 “You had better set more to the
 “spinning-wheel—and you shall too,
 “or you and your bantling may
 “starve, for me.”

“If it is misfortune and hardship
 “that have soured your temper”—
 said I to the man—“I can forgive,
 “though I can hardly pity you. Your
 “wife is a much greater object of
 “compassion. Is she not equally ex-
 “posed to the same hardships as
 “yourself? Why then will you add
 “the burden of ill-nature? Surely
 “her constancy deserves better from
 “you. Discontent adds greatly to
 “the evils with which we are encom-
 “passed.

“ passed.—Fortitude and patience as
 “ surely lessen them. No longer re-
 “ pine or grudge your wife her harm-
 “ less favourites. Observe them
 “ well—they may teach you happi-
 “ ness. They are confined, and
 “ equally dependant on you—as you
 “ on providence—for the good things
 “ of this life. Regard the neatness
 “ of your wife as a compliment paid
 “ you. It plainly shews that she still
 “ wishes to please. Do you think
 “ you ever should have married her,
 “ had she appeared fluttish and in-
 “ rags?” “ Why, I believe I should
 “ not,” said he, looking down.

His confusion was a good sign.
 I gave his wife two guineas, and
 hope it purchased a reconciliation—
 If it brought about a reformation, it
 paid me noble interest indeed.

THE WAKE.

AT the end of the village we saw a great many people gathered together, and soon discovered that this was a day of much importance and festivity. Amongst the rural nymphs and swains, who were all decked out in their best attire, 'twas impossible to see so many contented faces, and not share in the general happiness. With joy I saw the features of my boy lighted up with unusual pleasure. —The scene afforded an humble, yet a pleasing variety.

THE PEDLARS.

WITH what consequence did these people tell to the populace the merits, and the cheapness, of their goods!—With what rapture did they seem to exult when their eloquence brought any one to listen and become a buyer!—Thus the wants of some confer happiness, and supply the wants of others. Ambition is not confined to courtiers only—the meanest mechanics have a portion of it.—I always thought the varieties of life, and the humours of mankind, from the highest to the lowest, a most delectable history.

THE DEFORMED BLACK.

THE boys were hooting the poor wretch along with opprobrious epithets. He had a French horn upon his arm—it seemed the whole of his possessions—and notwithstanding the inhospitable manner in which the white savages treated him, he began to play a cheerful tune, in hopes, I suppose, of abating their rudeness—but it would not do.—Gracious God! was it not enough that his countenance was stained with black—his body deformed by the rude hand of Nature? Was it not enough, after being many years a slave, to be thrown on

a strange land, forced to beg his bread from door to door—but must he be abused for his misfortunes?—

ON his shewing some little resentment at the affronts he met with, they began to throw dirt and stones at him; even the beggars joined against him.—I ran amidst the insulting crowd, my boy Charles was my second—“Have done,”—I cried,—
 “nor thus cruelly treat this poor unfortunate. What has he done to offend you, that you use him thus?
 “Without money, friends, a habitation to shelter himself within,
 “grudge him not the liberty of walking
 “ing

“ing beneath the same heaven that
 “has poured blessings unnumber’d on
 “you all.”——

Almost every one sneaked away
 abashed.—The poor wretch threw
 himself at my feet.—“I will be your
 “slave—you shall be my master.”—
 Was it possible for a man who had
 the least share of benevolence in his
 heart, to turn away from such an ob-
 ject?—I thank Heaven, I could not—
 and amply did he afterwards repay me
 for the protection which I gave him.

THE MOUNTEBANK AND MERRIMAN.

THE Quack, with an air of dignity, protested he had a medicine that would cure every ill. I was not surprised to hear him. One would think that the inhabitants of Old England never die, when we are continually informed that the balsam of life is poured forth from a thousand channels. Whilst the Quack was endeavouring to make the multitude believe, that he was the ambassador of health,—the conqueror of Death: “ ’Tis strange,” said I, “ that
“ so important a personage should be
“ reduced to so ridiculous a way of
“ getting

“ getting his living; for notwith-
 “ standing the amazing virtues of his
 “ medicines, he would not have sold
 “ a packet but by the chance he gave
 “ people of getting a prize.” My son
 had a mind to try his luck, and his
 handkerchief was thrown up with
 the rest. The capital prize was a
 silver cup.—On opening the packets,
 chance had given it to my son. Mr.
 Andrew brought it to him.—“ You
 “ seem a favourite with Fortune,
 “ young gentleman,” cried the fellow
 —“ receive your prize.—I hope it
 “ will tempt you to encourage the
 “ profession.” “ What is the value
 “ of that cup ?” said I.—“ I believe
 “ my master will give fifty shillings
 “ for

“for it.”—“Let him send the money,
“and the cup shall be his own again.”

He did so—I gave the fellow the odd
ten shillings—the rest was divided
amongst those who appeared discon-
tented with their loss.—And I ad-
vised them for the future to save their
money, till surrounded with afflic-
tion, when they might really want it
to purchase medicines or good advice.

“I fear,” said I, “that these drugs,
“notwithstanding the character you
“heard of them, will be found of lit-
“tle use.” “Lying, Sir,” cried the
Andrew, “is a part of our profession,
“as well as that of half mankind.
“My master, like myself, is a man
“of sense and ingenuity, industry

“and honesty; but we could not
 “live till we had recourse to parade,
 “humour, and a little deceit.

“We discovered cards, lotteries,
 “and every other way of gaming to
 “be the general hobby-horse of the
 “English — and since we could not
 “please the people but by endea-
 “vouring to impose upon them, they
 “must thank themselves if they are
 “disappointed. I give some of them
 “wit for their money—chance gives
 “others a prize—but to you, Sir, I
 “give my thanks, and good wishes
 “—and so do many more, I see.”—

He bowed, and went to attend his
 master. The fellow seemed to have

“wit,

wit, humour, and a knowledge of mankind. "'Tis a pity," said I, "that
 "necessity makes so many impostors."
 —"Or nature," said Sir William
 Selby, "so many blockheads to be
 "imposed upon."

"THE CHANGE."

I HAD employed the Black to assist my son in distributing the forty shillings amongst the losers. What an alteration did it make in the behaviour of the people to the poor wretch, who but a few minutes before was the object of their ridicule. Even those who had insulted and abused him, now begged to share in his master's bounty. Benevolus, for so I from that hour called him, was a Christian in his heart. He cherished no resentment in his bosom, but generously gave even to his enemies. I was pleased to see so certain a proof

6 of

of the goodness of his disposition.
 " We have, my Julia," said I, " this
 " day drawn a prize, as well as our
 " son—as such we will regard him.
 " I now see that even a beggar may
 " be in his heart as benevolent as a
 " king—and whilst his hand is ex-
 " tended to receive the bounty of a
 " friend, his heart may be bleeding
 " for the woes of others."

WE returned to the inn, dined,
 and then proceeded on our ramble.

THE PHAETON.

A FEW miles from the village we met a phaeton. The road was narrow—it occasioned us to stop—the servants advised us to alight, as it would be difficult to get the carriages past each other. We followed their advice—But guess how agreeable my surprise, when I saw lady Belcombe* and her beloved Evander advancing to pay their compliments to us. “Lady Belcombe!” — “Mr. Frankly!” — immediately escaped our lips. — I congratulated her ladyship on the serenity which was planted in her countenance, and

* Vol. II. p. 77.

the company I saw her in. Her ladyship, Mrs. Frankly, and Miss Conyers were instantly acquainted. She insisted on our accompanying them to her house, which was about five miles distant — said, that she and her Evander were only amusing themselves with an airing. — When the heart is willing, entreaties are needless. We agreed to attend them.

We arrived at a noble dwelling, to which we were welcomed with that sincerity which alone could render it agreeable. When tea was ended, lady Strother (for such I found she

now

now was) addressed us with a pleasing frankness—

“ WHEN you saw me before, Mr.
 “ Frankly, I was the most miserable
 “ of my sex—I am now one of the
 “ most happy.—A few months after
 “ our meeting freed *me* from the
 “ arms of a cruel husband—and *the*
 “ *world* from one of those beings
 “ that serve to make it displeasing.
 “ Peace be with him in his grave!
 “ and may he find the same forgive-
 “ ness, which my heart granted him
 “ ere he left the world! ’tis true, he
 “ made me all the amends he could
 “ for the sufferings he had brought
 “ upon me, by leaving me mistress

" of his whole fortune. But what
 " had fortune been without Evander !
 " — Heaven kindly thought I had
 " mourned enough ; an unexpected
 " event had detained my Evander
 " (now Sir John Strother) in Eng-
 " land. A relation died ; he became
 " heir to his title and estate. Eyan-
 " der is the name I once called him
 " by, and I still like the romantic
 " fiction.—The death of lord Bel-
 " combe soon reached his ear, he
 " flew on the wings of love to im-
 " part his good fortune to me, and
 " to make me a sharer of it : our
 " hearts had long been united—as
 " soon as decency would permit, I
 " gave him my hand, and we remov-
 " ed

“ed to this habitation, where we
 “have found so much happiness that
 “we are become strangers in the
 “great world. I have often inquired
 “for you, Mr. Frankly—so has Sir
 “John Strother. We once heard
 “that you had lost a relation in the
 “Indies, and were gone to take
 “possession of his effects. I am glad
 “the tale was false : it will be in our
 “power soon, I believe, to serve
 “you. Sir John has a living in his
 “gift—the incumbent very old and
 “infirm.”

“WHAT say you, Mr. Frankly?”
 cried Sir John, rising and shaking
 me by the hand; “I should like such

“a neighbour as you extremely. The
 “service you once did my Cleora,
 “will ever live in my remembrance.”

I THANKED them with a sincerity
 and gratitude, I hope equal to their
 own—and in return made them ac-
 quainted with the reverse of fortune
 that had likewise attended me. “I
 “rejoice in your good fortune,” said
 Sir John, “though it has deprived
 “me of a worthy agreeable neigh-
 “bour. For the future let us be
 “friends.” “Gladly,” said I;—“a
 “friend is a treasure that is not easily
 “found.” — They insisted on our
 staying two or three days, and we
 readily consented.

THE

THE COUNTRY ASSEMBLY.

THE evening after our arrival we accompanied Sir John and lady Strother to an assembly at * * *. The company was chiefly met. We followed her ladyship to the upper end of the room—a number throng'd round her, to pay their compliments. She was the head of the village she inhabited; and by her affability and sweetness, well deserved the attention with which she was treated—and I was pleas'd to see that Sir John met with the same respect from the gentlemen.

THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

A PAIR came into the room—they had been married only three weeks, and this was the first time of their appearing in public. I was ever an admirer of beauty. The pleasing innocence, and graceful figure of the bride, at once prepos-
 sessed me in her favour—But I beheld her husband with an eye of pity and surprise. The lady was about eighteen, the gentleman seventy. They approached lady Strother. After the compliments were over, we sat down together. I observed that the bridegroom, with the infirmities
 of

of old age, had all that narrowness of thinking which too often accompanies it, when a liberal education has been wanting to open the mind.

“WHAT could induce that young
 “beauty,” said I to lady Strother, “to
 “sell herself to such a piece of in-
 “firmity and folly?”—“A narrow
 “fortune, a cruel mother, and an in-
 “constant lover;” thus ran the tale.
 —“’Tis pity,” said I, “that a va-
 “riety of evils should force her into
 “the arms of that ridiculous figure.”
 —“Here comes the once favoured
 “lover,”—said lady Strother;—“we
 “shall have a fine bustle, I suppose.”

THE

THE LOVER.

HE approached our party, and
 after having paid his compliments to
 her ladyship, turned to the trembling
 bride, and with an air of ease and
 freedom wished her joy.—“But need
 “I,” said he, “when so amiable an
 “object is before us,”—clapping
 the bridegroom on the shoulder.—
 “Much happiness attend you, old
 “gentleman—We have been rivals,
 “but will now be friends. With
 “your leave, I will dance with your
 “bride to-night.” “Not with my
 “consent,” he replied; “but I
 “suppose you have received encour-
 “agement from my wife to treat
 “me

“me thus.”—Passion, jealousy, and suspicion presided over every feature. The lady sunk to the floor in her bridal dress. As soon as she recovered, her spouse insisted on her going home. They immediately left the room.—

THE VINDICATION.

“It was unmanly, it was cruel,”
—said I to the youth who had occasioned all this confusion,—“to insult
“the injured. If your inconstancy
“drove her to despair, you ought
“not surely to make her more miserable, by adding affronts to inconstancy.”—“You mistake the matter quite,” he returned;—“’twas
“avarice

"avarice alone that induced her to
 "wed my rival. Till he made the
 "offer of a large jointure, I had no
 "other hopes but of calling her
 "mine. I tenderly loved her. I
 "believed I met with an equal re-
 "turn. But she sacrificed her love
 "to her ambition, and by timely dis-
 "covering the fordidness of her tem-
 "per, restored me to the right use
 "of my senses. The revenge I have
 "taken is a mighty innocent one;
 "and though much more trifling
 "than she deserved, I shall for the
 "future let her unmolested exhibit the
 "antique object of her choice, and
 "leave her to the quiet possession of
 "that

“ that bliss which I dare say she
“ enjoys.”

THE tables were now turned—
every one applauded the young gentleman for the proper spirit he had shewn ; and declared, that if the lady survived her venerable spouse, she ought to be condemned to perpetual widowhood.

WHAT a pity such a rude, ungentle, and marble passion as avarice, should ever find entrance to a female bosom—I could as soon excuse lady * * *, or lady * * *, as any of these lawful prostitutes.

DANCING.

DANCING.

LADY Strother gave her hand to the disappointed, instead of the inconstant lover—Sir William Selby took out Miss Conyers—My Julia had Sir John for a partner—and I made choice of a young lady from a boarding-school. — But her mother was much better pleased with her daughter's partner, than she was herself. However, I was determined that my cheerfulness should make atonement for the gravity of my appearance. I therefore jumped about with as much spirit as I could, and after a dance or two, we entered into chat — at first the poor girl was as shy and

and awkward as if she had been dancing with her grandfather.

THE SCHOOL GIRL.

“ WELL, said I,” when we sat down to rest ourselves, “ what do you think of your partner ? ” —
 “ Why, I like you better than I did at first,” said she ; — “ ’tis *immensely* hot — Indeed, Sir, I should not have disliked you so much, but only Mama took upon herself to answer for me, and I think I am now big enough to speak for myself. Mr. Le Brun, my French master, should have been at the assembly — Lard ! I can’t think why he did not come.” — “ What ! Mr.

“ Le Brun is a favourite of yours, I
 “ find, Miss.” — “ For God’s sake,
 “ dear partner, don’t speak so loud.
 “ A favourite ! yes indeed, and so
 “ he is with every young lady in the
 “ school. — He is so good-natured —
 “ so genteel — so full of compliments
 “ — and were you to see him full
 “ dressed, you never saw any thing so
 “ *immensely* handsome and charm-
 “ ing.” “ Why, you seem in love
 “ with him,” said I ; — “ you had better
 “ have fallen in love with me.” — “ In
 “ love with you,” cried she, laughing,
 “ why you are no Frenchman, and I
 “ abominate the English, and all their
 “ boorish ways — such dull stupid
 “ animals.” I sighed. Well, said I
 softly,

softly, Miss has almost completed her education, to be sure—she has learnt to be *immensely* ridiculous, and in all probability will run away with her French master, to reward him for the *immense* pains he has taken to spoil her.

'Tis astonishing that parents can be so careless of the education of their children, when on that chiefly depends the figure they are to make in life. Is it to be wondered, that the present race of females are so frail and inconsiderate, when the only pains that are taken with their young minds is to implant in them a thorough knowledge of the fashions—

the proper method of using paint—
 playing quadrille—dancing cotillons—
 —and to prattle a little bad French.

I WENT down another dance with
 pretty Miss, and then returned her
 safe to her mama—and the next
 morning sent an anonymous note,
 advising her to take Miss Biddy from
 school, to prevent her taking a trip
 to Scotland with her French master;
 for the poor child, I was informed,
 was unfortunately sure of *ten thou-*
sand pounds.

THE PLAY.

THE following evening we accom-
 panied Sir John and lady Strother to
 see

see a company of strolling players perform Romeo and Juliet. Lady Strother had bespoken the play, merely to assist the needy actors. They were to exhibit in a barn,—and we found on our arrival a numerous audience assembled. The part of Romeo was acted—by a youth who had been apprentice to a barber, but who preferred the pomp of an imaginary hero to the drudgery of an useful mechanic. Juliet was some spruce Abigail, who, with a small smattering of reading, and a great deal of vanity and affectation, had been tempted to expose her weakness on the stage, by shewing that she could not speak her own language,

and by murdering some of our favourite bard's unconfined excursions of fancy, noble and uncommon manner of expression. The Capulets were unmeaning beings—fitter for the flail and wash-tub than a stage. The Friar had once been master of an inn. Mercutio was the plague of the whole house—he almost deafened the audience. Nurse was the only good character amongst them—for infirmities and old age made her really feel the aches of which she vociferously complained, and truly did she enjoy the healing cordial they gave her.—Never were people more diverted at the most humorous comedy, than we were at this murdered murdering tragedy.

THE

THE TOMB.

WHEN Romeo came to visit the tomb of his beloved Juliet, he, by some means or other, on his sudden entrance, fell against the scenes—when lo, unfortunate disaster! down they dropt, and discovered the supposed departed Juliet in the arms even of the just-before murdered Mercutio. The scene was so truly ridiculous and comic, there was no standing it—and Juliet, with her paramour, fairly decamped, leaving the blundering Romeo to find some other Juliet, and get up again as well as he could,—cursing him heartily, no doubt, as the cause of all this bustle.

—In the midst of the uproar we departed, perfectly satisfied with our evening's entertainment.

THE DEPARTURE.

THE next morning we arose with the sun, and with reluctance departed from the habitation of our friends, having previously determined to pursue our ramble as far as we at first designed. After going about thirty miles further, without meeting any particular occurrence worth mentioning, we arrived at * * *, a genteel and large place. It happened to be the time of the assizes. The town was filled with company, and there
were

were throngs of people in every street.
 “ It is a strange custom,” said I, “ to
 “ make those days appointed for the
 “ exertion of justice, and the con-
 “ demnation of guilt, days of jubilee
 “ and diversions. “ However, as it
 “ has so long been authorized by cus-
 “ tom,” said Sir William, “ ’tis a
 “ folly to find fault; we will there-
 “ fore give into the humour of the
 “ times, and endeavour to partake
 “ of some of the amusements of the
 “ place, of which, no doubt, it
 “ abounds.” When we stopped at
 the inn, the landlord informed us
 there was a great deal of business at
 the present assizes—a vast number of
 felons

felons to receive their trials—that
the judge was gone into court.—

WE determined to go likewise.

THE JUDGE.

THE hall was crowded—however
we squeezed ourselves in for a few
minutes. Judge W***** sat up-
on the bench. Awful was the ap-
pearance he made. His countenance
was grand, serene, and pleasing.
Whilst Justice stood at his right
hand, Benevolence and Mercy were
seated on his left. He never pro-
nounced the final sentence of any one,
without feeling a pang for the miser-
able wretch he condemned.

THE

"THE hill of greatness," said I,
 "yields a most delightful prospect—"
 "But how much is it exposed to
 "storms and tempests! I admire at
 "a distance the characters of such
 "men as these, but I wish not to be
 "one of them—for the burden they
 "carry would be much too heavy
 "for me to bear."

THE CRIMINAL.

THE unhappy criminal before him
 was a young woman, who had set her
 master's house on fire, and it was
 burnt to the ground. The fact was
 clearly proved against her, and the
 jury, in a very short space of time,
 pronounced her guilty. With a
 countenance

countenance as hard as her heart she heard her sentence, and turning to a fellow who stood next her in expectation of the same fate—"I find I must swing," said she; "but 'tis some consolation to think I was so handsomely revenged on the old villain;—and since I am sure of having such good company at the gallows, I am the more willing to go."—"We shall die as we have lived," my girl—"merrily,"—returned her partner in iniquity.—

THE judge then addressed them in a most pathetic speech, but it made no impression on them—we left the hall.

THE

“THE depravity of those unhappy
 “wretches,” said I, “has stricken
 “a damp to my soul,—a depravity
 “which even the near approach of an
 “ignominious death cannot conquer.
 “To how low a degree of infamy
 “may the human heart be sunk!
 “even lower than that of brutes.
 “How careful ought every one to
 “be of guarding himself against the
 “approaches of vice, in whatever
 “shape it appears! For when once
 “we have quitted the path of virtue,
 “it is not easy to regain it. Bad
 “habits quickly grow familiar, and
 “introduce others.” “And should
 “we by art, stratagem, or gold,”
 said Sir William Selby, “be able to
 “evade

"evade the justice of men, Conscience
 "is a judge we cannot bribe.—'Tis
 "as honest as true,—a faithful wit-
 "ness—and a just accuser."

THE SUPPLICANT.

"BESTOW your charity for the be-
 "nefit of the poor prisoners!" was
 drawled out after us the whole length
 of the street. At last I stopped—"I
 "will give something to make their
 "short span of life a little comfort-
 "able."—Then turning round—
 "Who are you," said I, "that have
 "so earnestly undertaken the cause
 "of the wretched prisoners?"—"I
 "am their very good friend, Jack
 "Ketch,"

"Ketch," said he, pulling off his hat
 —"I endeavour to procure them
 "some relief in their confinement,
 "and at last release them from all
 "their cares." "Your most obe-
 "dient servant," said I, "good Mr.
 "Hangman — you have found out
 "the only way that was possible of
 "reconciling them to the sight of
 "you! There is a trifle — may it
 "serve some good purpose."

THE INN.

We returned to the inn. When
 we entered the room, in which we
 were to dine, we found it occupied
 by an elderly gentleman, who was
 reading a news-paper.

THE

THE landlord rudely desired him to leave the apartment, and not incommode his customers.—He arose and meekly withdrew. The dinner was at that instant brought in; and as our host chose to assist in waiting, I inquired who the person was that he had treated with such roughness.—“Why, Sir,” said he, “that man was once a gentleman, but, as many of his betters have been before him, is now reduced to beggary. He has some friends who allow him enough to pay for his board in a tradesman’s family; and though he has no money to spend, he is continually here to read the news paper, as if he had any
 6 “business

“business now with what is going
 “forward amongst the great.” “Go,”
 —said I to the waiter,—“and call
 “that gentleman back.” — The fel-
 low did as he was ordered, and pre-
 sently returned, respectfully opening
 the door for him to enter.—“I am
 “sorry,” said I, rising, “that you
 “received such a rude affront on my
 “account, and sent to beg you would
 “do me the honour of eating a piece
 “of dinner with me. Your being
 “the son of misfortune, ought to
 “render you respected, rather than
 “insulted.”—A tear was visible in
 each eye—he could not speak, but
 humbly sat down at the lower end of
 the table.—“Pray bring some bread
 “for

“for this gentleman,”—cried my son—whilst the ladies were eagerly employed in helping him. The appetite with which he partook of our repast, made us relish it with redoubled pleasure.

THE AFTERNOON.

WHEN dinner was ended, and my son recommended to the care of our new servant, Benevolus, we entered into conversation with our guest, and found him a sensible, agreeable companion. We soon discovered, that he was one of those beings who were never designed to drink deep of the dangerous cup of prosperity. Yet he

appeared a worthy, amiable, honest man.

“ROUGH are the evils and trials
“of many mortals,”—said I;—“yet
“we ought to reckon afflictions
“amongst the blessings of life—they
“frequently give the mind a proper
“turn, and enable us to look for-
“ward with joy to that moment,
“when our transitory sufferings will
“be rewarded with eternal happi-
“ness.”

“YOUR observation, Sir, is just,”
—he returned, — “and think not
“meanly of me for freely declaring,
“that till ruin came upon me, I did

“ not discover myself to be a fool.
 “ Adversity is a school in which few
 “ would choose to be placed ; but it
 “ is the only one in which we can
 “ see the world without disguise,
 “ and become acquainted with the
 “ real dispositions of mankind. Po-
 “ verty removes every flattering de-
 “ ception, and humility alone can
 “ enable any one to bear the unac-
 “ countable change it produces. For
 “ my part,” he continued, “ I have
 “ no reason to complain ; for had it
 “ not been for the sudden alteration
 “ in my fortune, I might not only
 “ have remained a stranger to my-
 “ self — but likewise ignorant of
 “ friendship.”

“ THERE

“THERE is no condition of life,”
 said I, “but what is attended with
 “its peculiar disadvantages—nor
 “any so miserable as to exclude some
 “cheering consolation. As we can-
 “not fathom the secret ways of Pro-
 “vidence—we ought to rest satisfied
 “till the day of explanation arrives.”
 We now proposed walking about the
 town, and were accompanied by our
 new acquaintance.

THE PRINT SHOP.

A PRINT shop is a place which has
 generally a numerous set of visitors.
 —We saw a very good one, and
 stopped to take a view of the prints
 which were placed against the win-
 dows.

dows. With pleasure we contemplated the features of many renowned personages—though perhaps imperfectly represented—but turned with disgust from those ludicrous ones which exposed to ridicule some august, and even venerable characters. “To see the freedom with which many of the great are here treated by the prejudiced, and too often undiscerning little,” said I, “is not only a reproach to our nation, but to our natures. The weakness and vices of mankind are of too serious a nature to be made subjects of ridicule. But to expose so many in such a public manner without any just cause, is to shew a wantonness
“ of

“ of cruelty that makes humour be-
 “ come shocking rather than enter-
 “ taining.”

THE UNDERTAKER'S SHOP.

THESE windows had attracted
 none to stop and take a view of them.
 —They were furnished with terrify-
 ing rather than with entertaining
 goods. “ What a contrast, my Ju-
 “ lia,” said I, “ between these win-
 “ dows and those of the print-shop.
 “ —The furniture of the grave con-
 “ veys but gloomy ideas. Had the
 “ contrivers of those ridiculous and
 “ wounding prints turned an eye in-
 “ to this shop as they were going to
 “ put their plans in execution, it

I 3 . “ had

" had surely with-held their pencil,
 " and taught them to mend their
 " own failings rather than expose—
 " with every aggravating appendage
 " of false wit—those of others."

stretched in his length between two
 graves so much disguised with li-
 quor that he knew not the resting-
 place he had chosen, but slept as
 forgotten and easy between the graves
 of perhaps his once jovial compa-
 nions as he would upon a bed of
 down. " It reminds me of an anecd-
 "dote," said Sir William Selby,
 "relative to an acquaintance of
 "mine."

THE DRUNKEN MAN.

PASSING through the church-yard, the first object we saw was a man stretched at his length between two graves, so much disguised with liquor, that he knew not the resting-place he had chosen, but slept as forgetful and easy between the graves of perhaps his once jovial companions, as he would upon a bed of down. "It reminds me of an anecdote," said Sir William Selby, "relative to an acquaintance of mine."

A N E C D O T E.

JACK JOLLY—who had early in life acquired a love for the bottle, and was what the world styles an honest fellow, because he never refused a bumper—was returning late one evening from one of those jovial parties that gave the greatest delight to his heart—In the way to his own house he had a church-yard to pass—by chance he fell down over one of the graves. It happened that the same night a person was to be buried who had died of the small-pox, or some other infectious distemper—and the grave was near the spot where Jack had fallen. When
the

the people were assembled to perform the last sad office for their departed friend—made still more solemn by the gloomy shades of night, their talk awakened him. He raised his head, looked around, and was so surprised at the awful scene which presented itself, that he imagined the final day of judgment was arrived. However he was soon undeceived; but determined never again to run the hazard of its coming, when he was so unprepared to give up his account.

THE FAIR LUNATIC.

WE pursued our journey. The evening was serene and pleasant—the

the spring now wore her gayest mantle, and the birds were welcoming her cheerful presence with songs of melody. A gentleman rode hastily by our carriage, just as we had passed a house that we had remarked for its elegance and neatness. He was followed by a female, who with extended arms, and the swiftness of a frightened fawn, entreated him to stop. —“I am your once loved Marianne,” said she; —“turn, Edward, and behold the desolation you have made.” She was pursued by a venerable man and woman; but age prevented their overtaking the fair fugitive, whose swift and sudden flight, we were afterwards informed, was

was occasioned by the unexpected sight of the man who had been the cause of her distresses. At that moment they had no attendants near, nor time to call any to their assistance. I ordered the coachman to stop, and alighting, offered to send our servants to bring back the lady they were pursuing. "We are much obliged to you," cried the old man; "but I see the sweet girl returning with her undoer. You are surprised at this scene," said he;—"I do not wonder at it. If you will walk into yonder house a few moments, I will inform you; but intreat you will order your servants to watch the behaviour of the lady and gentleman,

“ gentleman, and let us know whether
 “ they continue together — I will
 “ send a female attendant to prevail
 “ upon the lady to return — but I
 “ wish to avoid an interview with
 “ one I have reason to despise.” We
 did as desired, returned with the
 stranger, and entered the habitation
 we had so much admired, but which
 we little thought concealed such a
 history of woe.

HISTORY OF EDWARD AND MARIANNE.

As soon as we were seated, the old
 gentleman began the narrative. — “ We
 “ are not the real parents of that hap-
 “ less girl you saw just now — she was
 “ the

“ the daughter of two friends we
 “ loved, but who dying young, left
 “ her to our protection. Having no
 “ children of our own, our whole
 “ care and tenderness were bestowed
 “ in rearing her to happiness and
 “ virtue — nor did she ever know
 “ the want of those parents she had
 “ lost. She regarded us as parents,
 “ —and obeyed us with the exactest
 “ attention. About a twelvemonth
 “ since, she unfortunately happened
 “ to be in company with Colonel
 “ W——, the gentleman you just
 “ now saw, and who has a country
 “ seat within twelve miles of this
 “ place.—He was, or appeared to be,
 “ much charmed with our adopted
 “ child ;

“ child; and after having had several
 “ interviews with her, he made
 “ application to us for consent to visit
 “ her as a lover. We inquired of
 “ our Marianne whether he was agree-
 “ able to her, and soon discovered
 “ that he was in possession of her
 “ heart. As he was a man of family
 “ and fortune, we had no objections
 “ to make, nor once suspected that
 “ the most abandoned vices were
 “ concealed under a mask of so-
 “ briety and honour. We informed
 “ him, that Marianne had no fortune
 “ left her by her parents, but that
 “ we intended to leave her the whole
 “ of what we possessed, and should,
 “ on the day of marriage, give her
 “ five

“ five thousand pounds. He seemed
 “ surprised at what he called our ge-
 “ nerosity—declared that fortune had
 “ no kind of connexion with his
 “ love for our beloved daughter—
 “ that if she had not a shilling he
 “ would marry her with rapture, and
 “ ever be thankful to us for rearing
 “ so sweet a treasure, and giving it
 “ to him.

“ For several months he thus con-
 “ tinued to act the generous lover
 “ —at length a day was fixed for the
 “ nuptials to be celebrated—I ac-
 “ companied my Marianne, in order
 “ to give her hand to her lover.”
 “ When we arrived, the clergyman
 “ was

“ was waiting for us; but to our
 “ surprise the bridegroom was not
 “ come. We waited some time, and
 “ were just going to dispatch a mes-
 “ senger to inquire what had pre-
 “ vented his attendance, when one
 “ of his servants entered the church,
 “ and presenting a note to the intend-
 “ ed bride, hastily retired. With
 “ trembling hands she opened the
 “ paper, clasped it to her bosom with
 “ a look of despair, and sunk lifeless
 “ into my arms; whilst those who
 “ accompanied us to church, were
 “ endeavouring to bring her to her-
 “ self, I read the note which had
 “ occasioned all this confusion; the
 “ contents of which were, that the
 “ Colonel

“ Colonel had altered his mind, and
 “ could not think of marrying at
 “ present; but if ever he should be
 “ in the humour to wear the matri-
 “ monial chains, they should be worn
 “ for her—that he was not so unge-
 “ nerous as to reproach her for the
 “ reasons of his present proceeding,
 “ as she was too well acquainted with
 “ them to want that eclaircissement.

“ I RETURNED with my unfortu-
 “ nate girl to this habitation, which
 “ from that hour has been a scene
 “ of misery.—She, from that ill-fated
 “ morning, has been deprived of her
 “ reason—in consequence of which
 “ we have been unable to discover

“ the cause of this unjust behaviour
 “ in the Colonel. For some weeks
 “ past, indeed, we have had hopes of
 “ her recovery—but this unexpected
 “ meeting with the vilest of decei-
 “ vers will, I fear, for ever debar
 “ us of that consolation. I own”
 —said the venerable old man—“ that
 “ I sometimes, when I have con-
 “ sidered the whole of this unac-
 “ countable proceeding, have been
 “ tempted to think the imprudence
 “ of my fair charge was the occasion
 “ of her lover’s strange conduct. I
 “ have communicated these thoughts
 “ to my wife—we have both for a
 “ moment given way to them—but
 “ after recollecting the purity, sweet-
 “ ness,

“ nefs, and undeviating modesty,
 “ which for fo many years were the
 “ objects of general applaufe, our
 “ doubts of her honour vanifhed,
 “ and the Colonel alone was con-
 “ demned.

“ We have, fince this unhappy
 “ affair began, heard a very indiffer-
 “ ent, but I fear a real character of
 “ the Colonel: he is proud to be
 “ thought well of by the fair, nor
 “ once regrets the mifery he occa-
 “ fions. As he had not been in this
 “ part of the world fince he had fo
 “ rudely forfaken our child, we
 “ thought not of feeing him, and
 “ therefore accompanied the poor

“ disconsolate for a walk, in order
 “ to amuse, and if possible induce her
 “ to observe those beauties she had so
 “ often in happier days admired with
 “ gratitude and delight.—Her lover
 “ rode past; and whether he really
 “ did not know her, or only pre-
 “ tended not to do so, took not the
 “ least notice: but she, too well ac-
 “ quainted with his delusive image,
 “ recollected him, and, in spite of
 “ all our efforts to detain her, pursued
 “ him, as you have seen. What will
 “ be the consequence, Heaven only
 “ knows; or what can have brought
 “ him again to a neighbourhood,
 “ where he will ever be regarded as
 “ an object of contempt and detes-
 “ tation,

“tation, I am equally at a loss to
“determine.”

“PERHAPS you have every thing
“to hope for, from this unexpected
“event,” said I;—“what man but
“must be conquered by such lovely
“misery!”

My Julia and Miss Conyers wept
at this sad tale, and now proposed
going out in pursuit of the lovers.
To this proposal we all eagerly
agreed—but just as we reached the
door for that purpose, we saw them
coming, and had an opportunity of
observing them both.

THE lady was about the age of eighteen—the youth not more than twenty—both were handsome—both genteel—but the particular situation of the lady was such, as more immediately attracted our notice, made us observe her, and interested us in her favour. She was dressed in white, her hair was combed over her face, and served to conceal the melancholy dejection which overspread it. Her eyes were dark, but, though wild, seemed animated with delight at seeing her lover—if he could be called so.—She had taken a white ribband off her cap, and tied it round his arm—by this she led him into the apartment to which we had

had again retired on seeing them approach.—

THE young gentleman was pale and dejected. He looked at her with such anguish and despair, as at once seemed to assure us he at that moment severely paid for his unjust, dishonourable conduct.

AN AFFECTING SCENE.

“ I HAVE caught him, my father,” cried she—leading him to the old man,—“ and he shall forsake me no more. Do but see how pale and ill he looks ; but I will take care of him—indeed he has suffered a great deal—but he shall not now

“escape from us—Will you leave me
 “again, my Edward?—Indeed, in-
 “deed, I know not how I disoblige
 “you, or what I had done to be so
 “cruelly, barbarously insulted.”

THIS was more than he could bear
 —he threw himself at her feet in an
 agony of silent woe.

“WELL may you weep”—cried
 the poor old man—“to see this
 “lovely ruin—this sweet sufferer,
 “whom you have so inhumanly sa-
 “crificed to caprice and incon-
 “stancy.”

“DON’T chide my Edward,”—
 cried Marianne, endeavouring to raise
 him

him from the ground,—"he will
 "leave us if you do, and indeed I
 "cannot part with him again."

"TALK not of parting,"—cried
 he;—"never will I leave you more,
 "although Heaven, as a punishment
 "to me, should never restore those
 "valuable senses, of which I, like the
 "basest of robbers, deprived you.
 "Greatly do I deserve to suffer."

"WHY did you forsake my child?"
 cried the old man. "In what did
 "she err to deserve such treat-
 "ment?"

THE

THE CONFESSION.

“ SHE never erred, never deserved
 “ such usage,”—cried he, with im-
 patient emotion;—“ nor have I an
 “ excuse to offer that can in the least
 “ lessen my guilt.—The morning
 “ preceding that in which I promised,
 “ and at that time intended, to meet
 “ my Marianne at the altar, I was
 “ greatly surprised by the unexpected
 “ entrance of two or three friends I
 “ had not seen from the time of my
 “ leaving London. Instead of offer-
 “ ing any apologies for their abrupt
 “ intrusion, they began rallying me
 “ on my retirement from the world,
 “ and ridiculously falling in love with
 “ a little

“ a little country girl—the report
 “ of which had reached them, and
 “ my apparent confusion confirmed
 “ the truth of it. After making free
 “ with the bottle some hours, they
 “ drew from me an account of the
 “ whole affair, and the engagement I
 “ was under to repair to the altar, in
 “ order to plight my vows with those
 “ of the fair Marianne the succeed-
 “ ing morning. No sooner had they
 “ made the discovery, than they de-
 “ termined to prevent my perform-
 “ ing what they termed so foolish, so
 “ mad an engagement,—which would
 “ not only exclude me from happi-
 “ ness, but the respect of the world.
 “ They painted a life of freedom in
 “ the

“ the most flattering and alluring
 “ colours—then contrasted the view
 “ by a description of matrimonial
 “ infelicity, and the danger of unit-
 “ ing myself to a woman who had
 “ seen nothing of the world—in con-
 “ sequence of which she would soon
 “ be led to follow fashionable vices,
 “ and the examples of the more
 “ experienced dames — concluding
 “ their arguments, that I might as-
 “ suredly gain my fair recluse on
 “ more easy terms than those of mar-
 “ riage. By such sophistry was I pre-
 “ vailed upon to act as I did—and
 “ by a life of dissipation have en-
 “ deavoured to drive every sentiment
 “ of honour from my soul. Nor is
 “ that

“ that all—for I will acknowledge
 “ the whole of my guilt—I even now
 “ returned with a design to seduce
 “ this suffering charmer from the
 “ paths of virtue, and passed her to
 “ see what an effect my pretended
 “ disregard would have upon her.
 “ Alas! I little thought what she had
 “ suffered! or that my despicable,
 “ dishonourable conduct had dis-
 “ lodged reason from her throne,
 “ and plunged my Marianne into
 “ such a gulph of wretchedness.—
 “ This, Sir, is the real truth of the
 “ case; nor can the most candid and
 “ extensive benevolence offer an ex-
 “ cuse in my favour.—Should Heaven,
 “ in mercy to my Marianne, restore
 “ her

“her reason, I will with rapture
 “make all the atonement in my
 “power, by instantly making her
 “mine, and the whole study of my
 “future life shall be to keep her
 “gentle bosom a stranger to every
 “sorrow.—Should she continue in
 “this melancholy state, I will never
 “wed another, and my time and for-
 “tune shall be dedicated to soften
 “the affliction which I—like a
 “wretch most cursed, most vile—
 “occasioned.”——

We were all silent some moments.
 At length poor Marianne exclaimed,
 “He will die, my friends!—don’t
 “chide him! Indeed he has been
 “hardly

“hardly used by me—but I will now
 “reward him for his goodness. See
 “how pale and sad he looks.”

THIS was too much. We burst
 into tears, and unable to support the
 scene any longer, arose to depart.

“ILL-fated maid!” I cried, “poor,
 “injured, suffering beauty! Heaven
 “send you peace!”—Then turning
 to the repenting lover—“Behold,”
 said I, “the effects of injustice and
 “dishonour.—If the innocent are
 “sometimes thus permitted to suffer
 “for the guilty, what must the guilty
 “one day suffer for themselves! May
 “the recovery of this sweet maid
 “restore

“ restore you all to happiness.—We
 “ will call upon you as we return,”
 said I, to the old gentleman, “ and I
 “ hope to find peace and serenity
 “ amongst you.”

CONTINUATION OF THE
 JOURNEY TO Y****.

“ SIR William Selby,” said Miss
 Conyers, as soon as we set off,—
 “ how much I am indebted to you
 “ and these kind friends, every suc-
 “ ceeding hour serves to convince
 “ me. Never did I think myself so
 “ happy as at this pleasing yet pain-
 “ ful moment.”

“ WHAT delight does that con-
 “ fession afford me!” he replied;
 6 “ what

“ what an ample return does that
 “ acknowledgment make me, for all
 “ the mighty obligations you so often
 “ talk of! Now, Miss Conyers, I
 “ am indeed your debtor.”

“ I cannot forget the sweet Mari-
 “ anne,” — exclaimed my Julia, —
 “ Indeed, my dear Frankly, I think
 “ it is very hard that virtue has so
 “ little to expect from this life but
 “ misery.”

“ How so, my Julia, when it has
 “ so much to hope for from that
 “ world from which vice has every
 “ thing to fear? Virtue, though sur-
 “ rounded by misfortunes, has in itself

"a never-failing reward. Vice, tho'
 "encompassed by the smiles of pro-
 "sperity, carries with it a sting that
 "even death cannot extract."

WE arrived at Y*****.

THE LODGING HOUSE.

WE soon hired apartments that
 suited us, and in a few days began to
 be acquainted with several of the
 strangers who resorted thither—
 some, as we did, for amusement only
 —and others, with the hopes of regain-
 ing that blessing which gives a relish
 to every human enjoyment. There
 were only two lodgers in the house
 besides ourselves—they were an old
 gentleman and his daughter—the
 former

former was bending under the heavy weight of threescore years—the latter was blooming in all the artless loveliness of youth. Yet, amidst scenes of gaiety and dissipation, she secluded herself from the world, and was the only nurse and attendant of her sick parent. Her constant confinement in his chamber, prevented us some days from having an opportunity of speaking to her, which we were desirous of doing, from the amiable character we had heard of her from the mistress of the house.—One morning we were sitting by the window, and amusing ourselves by looking at the shipping, which afforded us a pleasing and delightful prospect, and observ-

ing the busy and industrious seamen eagerly pursuing their various employments, when Sir William Selby led a young beauty into our apartment. Her dress was neat, and plain as a quaker's, yet infinitely more becoming than all the studied industry of art.

“I OFFER no apology, ladies,”—cried she, with a modest blush,—“for my abrupt intrusion—this gentleman has promised to be my “excuse.”

WE assured her there wanted none.—There was an air of unprotected innocence and elegance in her man-

ner

ner that made us instantly acquainted. We soon learnt that her father had been an officer in the sea-service, but for many years had been reduced to live on half-pay; that he was a widower, and she his only child. His love for that element to which he had been so long accustomed, induced him, on the death of her mother, to remove to a sea-port town, that he might sometimes take a view of his old best friend, before they took a final leave of each other. She farther added, that they had been in Yarmouth about six months, but that she feared her father could not survive many succeeding ones, as his

L 3 nume-

numerous infirmities gave her the most alarming fears.

“I DON’T dread poverty, ladies,” said she, “so much as I do the world.

“I am unacquainted with its ways, and unguarded against its arts.

“The retired manner in which I have lived, has prevented my form-

“ing any connections with people

“able to serve and instruct me. My

“father is my only friend — how-

“ever, I trust the same power that

“has preserved him through so many

“trials and dangers, will not forsake

“his child. He endeavours to re-

“assure my mind, by firmly relying

“on that providence to whom he
 “has been indebted for a long and
 “happy life, and to whom he will,
 “without one murmur or complaint,
 “intrust me.”

WE were charmed with this young lady. My Julia and Miss Conyers entreated she would favour them with her company as often as her father could dispense with her attendance. She promised to comply with their request. When she retired, Miss Conyers eagerly thanked Sir William Selby for thus increasing her satisfactions, by introducing her to the acquaintance of Caroline Sidney.

“LET remembrance, my Jeffa,”
he returned, “forget to dwell on past
“disagreeable events. I ask no
“more.”

“BE assured I am happy, Sir
“William — I owe that happiness
“to you—and therefore cannot lay
“so heavy a tax upon myself as not
“to acknowledge my being sensible
“of the obligations you have con-
“ferred—my gratitude——”

“OBLIGATION! gratitude!—I hate
“the names. From another I might
“like them—but I hoped——”

WE were here interrupted by a
gentleman who offered to accompany

us

us to the Museum of a noted antiquarian, whose age did not exceed twenty-one. Accordingly we set off with our obliging conductor, and were soon admitted to the repository of curiosities. But the Antiquarian himself, being as great a curiosity as any in his possession, has an undoubted right to be first mentioned.

THE ANTIQUARY.

HIS person was rather below the common height and size—his countenance pleasing—yet he had a frown upon his brow, either contracted by intense study, or assumed merely to give his face the appearance of age, but which could not conceal a pair of eyes that were dark and penetrating. He was drest in a rusty gown, that had formerly been black, but was become discoloured through age, and had once been the property of his old friend T. M.—the whole of which gave him the appearance of a conjurer, rather than that of a youth
of

of twenty-one. He opened the door of the Museum, and with a solemn look and sedate tone of voice, desired us to walk in.

THE MUSEUM.

"GOOD Heaven!" exclaimed Miss Conyers, on entering the Museum—"this is surely the wardrobe of the grave. Was there ever so melancholy a place! bless me, Sir!" turning to the Antiquary—"your's is one of the strangest humours in the world. How can you thus prefer the relics of the dead to all the gay delights which may be found amongst the living?"

WE

WE laugh'd at this sudden flight
of the lovely Jessa's, but the Anti-
quary was above being diverted with
her liveliness.

“YOUR want of a similar taste,
“Madam,”—said he,—“leads you
“to be surpris'd at my humour—
“don't whisk about so with your fur-
“belows and flounces—they will
“displace some of my treasures—
“You cannot think me a stranger
“mortal than I do myself—yet I
“can see that you are handsome, and
“only want to be told so.”

“You are mistaken,” said she;—
“I hate flattery from all your sex,
“and

“and had very little expectation of
“meeting with it from you.”

“PARDON me, Sir, but surely
“there never was so ridiculous a
“study as your’s appears to be.”

“OUR study, Madam, is as useful
“as it is delightful. Were it not for
“us, who record them, what a num-
“ber of events must sink into ob-
“livion ! how many shining charac-
“ters in life would have been for-
“gotten after it !”

“VERY true, Sir—but yet to be
“so fond of nick-nacks and relics,
“the identity of which must be
“unknown—”

“You

"You are a woman——"

"AND you the oddest man I
"ever saw. Why, Sir, you are posi-
"tively in love."

"BUT not with you."

"I WOULD not have you for the
"world, for I should assuredly make
"you miserable. The objects of
"your passion are far different from
"youth and beauty. Death and old
"age are your flames, and never did
"I see twenty-one so well as four-
"score. However, you won't be
"angry with me for speaking truth,
"being a perfect Diogenes yourself."

"UPON

“UPON my soul, Madam, I like
 “your humour, and will do myself
 “the honour of drinking a dish of
 “coffee with you in the morning.”

“Do so,”—said she.

ACCORDINGLY he came, and we
 were most agreeably surpris’d at find-
 ing in Curio the man of solid sense,
 benevolence, and humour.

“WHAT a pity it is,” said I, when he
 had left us, “that a gentleman endued
 “with so many apparent good quali-
 “ties, should be so much led away
 “by one study, as in a manner to se-
 “clude himself from the world, and
 “neglect others more useful!”—“It

“is

“ is too often seen to be the case,”
 said Sir William ;—“ yet I believe,
 “ my friends, that every one who
 “ pretends to singularity, is actu-
 “ ated by the love of fame : and was
 “ there no panegyric, there would
 “ be no antiquary. However, pity
 “ it is, that the curiosity of peeping
 “ into our forefathers frying-pans,
 “ should lead any of us to disregard
 “ the custom and manners of the
 “ present times.”

“ For my part,” said Miss Co-
 nyers, “ I admire his humour pro-
 “ digiously, and have employed my-
 “ self in writing down a catalogue
 “ of what I saw, with a few additions
 “ of

“ of my own, which I think would
 “ have been a grand acquisition to
 “ the Antiquary.” We begged her
 to let us have a sight of it, and with
 her usual cheerfulness and good-
 nature she instantly complied with
 our request, and which I hope will
 entertain some of the lovers of anti-
 quity as much as it did us.

CATALOGUE OF ANTIQUITIES.

SEVERAL Roman urns claim pre-
 cedence on account of their age and
 antiquity ; but so mutilated are they
 by the hand of that old monster
 Time, that, instead of exciting our
 admiration, they only appeared like
 battered old-fashioned pickle-pots.

To make them of more value, they were half filled with bones; but whether they were the bones of a consul or an emperor, a scoundrel or a peasant, must be referred to a wiser head than mine to determine.

A MAGIC roll—the meaning of which no mortal could ever yet explain.—Query, Was it ever designed to have any?—

CARVED-work of friars and monks, that would do well to ornament the chimney-piece of an hermit—and beads and rosaries in abundance—but which our religion and piety render totally useless; as, in this age, vir-

tue is so much in fashion, that people have so few fins, they may keep an account of them without beads.

THE unwieldy sword of Beaufort—much more clumsy than those which ornament the side of our modern beaus.

PART of great Bedford's armour when regent of France—so small a part that four pins were its support.

TEN thousand worm-eaten books, which now can set time itself at defiance. Old writings, whose value can hardly be ascertained—because few of them are legible.

THE belt of the Norwich rebel—
 two Roman mustard-pots—a scalp-
 ing-knife—and the ring which Queen
 Elizabeth gave to the Earl of Effex.
 —The needle which wounded fair
 Ruffel—and some venerable locks
 stolen from the head of old Exeter,
 after he had been buried two hun-
 dred years.

A PART of that very whale in
 which the simple Jonah laid three
 whole days and nights.

A QUILL taken from the wing of
 the phoenix, which is now employed to
 paint the beauties of a mummy, or
 endeavouring to decypher the inscrip-
 tion

tion on a stone that has been rudely defaced, but which at first was of so much friendly importance, as to direct the weary traveller to a right path.

THE spur which Richard wore when he would have given his kingdom for a horse.

THE stone which David threw at Goliath, and a part of the harp with which he would have soothed the cares of the gloomy Saul.

Two cabinets of coins and seals—to procure which had sealed the brow of Curio with care—and in spite of their amazing value, I should ac-

M 3 knowledge

knowledge I gave a preference to the
current coin.

An hour-glass, which tells us this
shocking truth, that, “ as the hours
“ pass, just so life flies.”

THE prints of Speed, Spelman,
Bagford, Stowe, and Hearne, with
brasses from graves, decorated the sides
of the room—more proper ornaments
for the tomb than a house.

THE Antiquarian has, since our
visit to him, convinced us, and the
rest of the world, that he has the
same passions and feelings as other
people, by yielding himself a captive
for

for life, and submitting to wear the fetters of Hymen. The amiable qualities of the lady who enslaved him, reflect honour on the one, and cannot fail to render the happiness of both complete.

POOR Curio ! Too short was thy life for the ardent wishes of thy surviving friends ! Thou art gone to a world where thy extensive benevolence and real merit will be certain of meeting their reward—where ENVY will have no power to cast a shade over thy ten thousand good qualities, because accompanied by a few singularities. I hope to meet thee again, and renew that friendship which had just begun to blossom.—Everlasting peace, no doubt, is with thee—And may that soothing, soft reflection extract the thorn of anguish from the wise of thy bosom, and send consolation to the souls of thy afflicted parents !

THE STORM.

WE were awakened early in the morning by the violence of the wind, and being unable to sleep, arose and assembled in the breakfast-room much sooner than usual—the people were hurrying through the streets in the utmost confusion, and were eagerly running to the sea-side, whither we were advised by the people of the house to follow the crowd, if we had never seen the ocean ruffled by a storm, as by all accounts it never was at that season more rough than it then was. Accordingly we armed ourselves against the severity

of the weather, and hastened to the beach—but I know not whether the grandeur or the horror of the sight had the most powerful effect. We stood some moments with silent astonishment to behold the wonderful prospect, and could not help adoring the power of that Being whose word had set bounds to such an amazing flow of waters, which, if they were allowed to exceed their limits, must bring destruction to thousands. Our attention was next employed in viewing the throng which surrounded the beach. Anxiety and terror were painted on the countenances of men, women, and children — every wave was attended with the most presaging fears.

fears—every one of them had some relation whose fate they seemed to be watching with the most tender care.

THE WRECK.

Soon was the horror of the scene increased. One of the ships, that had long been tossed about by the merciless waves, unable longer to withstand their fury, began to sink. The cries of the poor wretches were distinctly heard by us as we stood—their hands were held up to supplicate our assistance. For some moments the people stood irresolute. Nature solicited in behalf of their distressed brethren : but the fear of meeting with a similar fate, deterred them

them from venturing to their relief. We for some time in vain intreated with the rest, and offered a considerable sum to any one who would endeavour to reach the ship. The storm began to abate, and two pilot-boats went off, and just reached the vessel time enough to save all the crew, who were soon brought on shore; but for some moments insensible of their being in a place of safety.

THE CHANGE.

WE joined with the crowd in endeavouring to recover the poor unfortunate sailors, and by the time we had succeeded in our endeavours, the most delightful calm had taken place.

The ships again rode in safety, and the prospect afforded one of the most beautiful and delightful scenes in Nature.

“How agreeable is this change!”
 —cried my Julia :—“ Well, indeed,
 “ as the Poet says, may the calm sea
 “ wonder at the wreck it made.
 “ Surely, Mr. Frankly, the sea this
 “ morning has afforded us a true pic-
 “ ture of human life—terrible, yet
 “ pleasing — alluring, yet danger-
 “ ous—deceitful, yet beneficial.”

“ TRUE,”—said I ;—“ and these
 “ shipwrecked mariners are giving
 “ you as true a picture of the ingra-
 “ titude

“titude of mankind to that Power
 “who knows best how to deal with
 “the creatures he has made, and
 “who distributes good and evil with
 “unerring wisdom.”

INGRATITUDE.

NO sooner was the storm subsided, and the sailors recovered from their fears and dangers, than they began to repine, and be discontented with a situation, which but an hour or two before they would have given worlds to have obtained. The man who appeared the master of the vessel, uttered the most bitter imprecations on his men for their carelessness and pusillanimity, which he swore had been the loss of the ship, and would be his ruin. The sailors, equally dissatisfied with his abuses, repaid them with interest, and with the most horrid

horrid oaths retorted curses on his head and their own.

“Is it thus,” cried I, with indignation, “that you receive the mercies of Providence, and the benevolent assistance of your fellow-creatures, who have so kindly endeavoured to save you from falling a prey to the waves you are not sent to rule?—Is it thus you return thanks for your preservation?—Ungrateful men! you are enough to banish pity from the bosom of mankind. “If another hour like the preceding should ever return, this impiety and repining will give it redoubled terrors.”

A young

A young woman, at this instant, rushed through the crowd, and clasping in her arms a sailor who had just escaped from a watery grave, uttered an exclamation of joy, and fainted. The man, who had been insensible to the mercies of his Creator, was conquered by the power of Love—when turning to me—“I own my ingratitude,”—said he;—“this girl has convinced me of the value of life, and the crime I have been guilty of. I will not forget your lessons, Sir, or dare to murmur at the decrees of Providence.”

“Your preaching to the sailors,” said Sir William Selby, “was beyond

“ yond description; daring indeed,
 “ my honest friend. I wonder you
 “ did not get yourself heartily
 “ abused—for to swear, is as natu-
 “ ral to a sailor, as to eat. It was
 “ well for you the young woman
 “ came so opportunely, and softened
 “ that dripping hero, who was just
 “ going to bestow a volley of his best
 “ curses on you.”—“ Indeed, I have
 “ heard” — said Miss Conyers —
 “ that the greater their danger, the
 “ greater is their impiety. Astonish-
 “ ing depravity! it is scarcely credi-
 “ ble, that mortals could be found
 “ who would dare to be guilty of
 “ such unprofitable folly—such info-
 “ lence to their Maker.”

“ THE world is a strange medley,”
said I, sighing,—“ and I find a man
“ may ramble till he is tired, and yet
“ never can persuade people to lay
“ aside their vices and follies.”

“ BUT you, who are not guilty of
“ either,” said my Julia, smiling
away my discontent, “ surely, my
“ beloved Frankly, may be perfectly
“ satisfied with yourself, however
“ you may be displeased with that
“ world to which you are an
“ honour.”

“ FOR a woman to seem satisfied
“ and pleased with her husband, after
“ passing

“ passing so many years with him, is

“ extraordinary,”—said I.

“ But to deserve it is much more

“ so,”—said Miss Conyers.

THE FAIR VISITOR.

WHEN the lovely Caroline entered our apartment—to which we had invited her—we were again charmed with the elegant neatness and simplicity of her appearance. She was dressed in genteel half-mourning, notwithstanding which her face was illumined with the most placid serenity, and her spirits seemed greater than we had ever observed them. We congratulated her on the change we perceived, and told her, that our motive for requesting her company, was to offer her all the services in our power — and we begged

she

she would inform us in what manner we could be most serviceable to her, as our departure from Y*** was fixed for the following day.

"THIS kind offer," said she, "was no more than what your behaviour had led me to expect, and which has frequently, since I had the happiness of knowing you, greatly served to brighten the dreary prospect which opened before me.—But Providence has kindly interposed in my favour. A distant relation, from whom I had no expectations, lately died, and has left me a genteel independence.

“I RECEIVED this news but three
 “days since, and would have ac-
 “quainted you with my good for-
 “tune sooner; but your being con-
 “stantly engaged, prevented me.”

How callous to every noble feel-
 ing must be that bosom which does
 not rejoice with those that rejoice!
 we severally congratulated her, and
 my Julia gave her an invitation to
 her house.

“I HAVE not yet,” said she, blush-
 ing, “informed you of all my good
 “fortune. I have heard of a friend,
 “whom for two years past I had ima-
 “gined numbered with the dead.
 “A variety of unfortunate circum-
 “stances

“stances had prevented my hearing
 “from him. He expects to see me
 “the latter end of this month; and
 “as he seems to regret his ill success
 “on my account only, I receive a
 “double pleasure from my unex-
 “pected legacy; because it enables
 “me to make the man I love inde-
 “pendent, and rescue him from a
 “situation which he never approved,
 “but to which he was compelled to
 “submit by an unkind relation. He
 “is a midshipman on board a man
 “of war—but I flatter myself, were
 “you to see him, you would not
 “wonder at the preference which,
 “from my earliest youth, I have
 “given him to all his sex, or at the
 N 4 “joy

“ joy I experience in being able to
 “ reward his unremitting constancy
 “ and generous attachment.”

WE all again congratulated the noble-minded maid, and expressed our approbation of her sentiments, which, though seldom authorised or approved by the sordid fashion of the times, did her the highest honour. Sir William Selby was particularly struck with her manner and expression—declaring he could see no reason why a woman need blush at acknowledging a regard for a worthy object.

WE parted with mutual regret, and the next morning left Y***, and proceeded to Scarborough.

SCARBOROUGH.

ON our arrival we found it filled with the genteelest company of both sexes, who appeared more eager in the pursuit of pleasure than of health. We subscribed to the rooms, and went to every place that was worth observing, or that promised to afford us any amusement. We had for some days hurried from place to place with the crowd, and began to grow tired of a life that appeared more likely to deprive us of the most valuable of human enjoyments, than to be a means of preserving it. We had severally expressed our disappro-

bation

bation of these polite places, and talked with a greater degree of pleasure than usual of that life of retirement which it had long been our fixt determination to enjoy in its most engaging purity. Already our imaginations were employed in endeavouring to find a retreat which nature should have rendered so delightful as to want but little embellishment from art—where, as Providence had kindly enabled us, we determined to share with others our abundance.—But the arrival of Lord Modern, Lady Lovegrace, and the honourable Miss Racket, who were to give balls and public breakfastings, prevented our leaving Scarborough so soon as we wished—

wished—for to have left the place when so much good company were flocking to it, would have been calling our taste and politeness so much in question, as would have rendered Time himself unable to wipe off the disgrace. Accordingly we were frequently seen in the Pump-room—constantly at the rooms—and did not refuse playing cards with the company whenever they were proposed—by which means we became such favourites, that we were frequently invited to routs, drums, and earthquakes—and in order to keep up the reputation we had so much mortified ourselves to acquire, we were obliged to have our routs and breakfasts—

fastings

fastings also, and to spend a great deal more money than we chose. This, no doubt, is the case with thousands, who make no scruple of spending their fortune, sacrificing their health, mortifying their taste, which perhaps would lead them to more rational pursuits, and even forfeiting their own good opinion, without which no situation whatever can be pleasing, rather than not be thought men of taste in the polite world, and require a reputation which will survive them only to call in question their sense and prudence. "Who would forfeit all hopes of "happiness"—said I—"to please a "foolish, unthinking multitude? or

"spend

"spend their time and fortune in a
 "manner that will undoubtedly plant
 "around their dying pillows the
 "thorns of discontent?" My solilo-
 quy was interrupted by a loud thun-
 dering at the door. It was Lord Mo-
 dern's servant, who brought a card,
 and tickets to invite Sir William
 Selby, myself, and the ladies to a
 grand ball which his lordship was to
 give at the rooms the succeeding even-
 ing. We accepted the invitation,
 and the ladies began to busy them-
 selves in preparing for it—and when
 the hour arrived that we were to set
 off, the elegance yet simplicity of
 their appearance convinced us of
 their taste, and that the few hours
 they

they had been employed were not entirely lost. My Julia was dressed in a muslin negligee, sprigged with roses and lilies of her own forming, and lined with a white lutestring—her hair adorned with a small point cap, and a few diamond sprigs. Miss Conyers wore a white negligee with satin stripes, and on one side her hair (which was dressed in the modern taste) she had placed a few puffs of lace. The ease and genteelity of the fair ones, gave a beauty and elegance to the dresses described; and simple as they may be imagined, the wearers of them far outshone many who were glittering in all the gold and silver splendours of the loom.

THE CHAIRS.

A Servant informed us that our chairmen were waiting to convey us to the rooms.

“LET us go this instant,” said I,
 —“that my punishment may be the
 “sooner over—for of all things which
 “custom and fashion authorise, I
 “think it the most unnatural, disagreeable, and degrading, to be
 “carried by one’s fellow-creatures—
 “especially when health enables us
 “to walk as well as themselves. The
 “only advantage I can reap from it
 “is, that it never fails to remind me
 “of

“ of being carried to my grave.”—
 “ For pity sake,”—cried the lovely
 Conyers,—“ my good, moralizing
 “ Mr. Frankly, how came you to com-
 “ municate such a mortifying idea !
 “ I positively think I shall not be
 “ cheerful all the evening. I really
 “ am become so fond of this dear,
 “ enchanting world, that I cannot
 “ dispense with so convenient, fashi-
 “ onable, and necessary an attendant.
 “ Indeed it is time to be going ; my
 “ watch tells me it is near nine
 “ o’clock, all the world will be there
 “ before us.” “ Never,” cried Sir
 William Selby, as he arose to hand
 her to her chair, “ did I see the charm-
 “ ing girl look half so enchanting.”

LORD MODERN'S BALL.

WHEN we entered the rooms, we found them filled with company. After chatting some time, Lord Modern took out Miss Conyers to dance a minuet; and notwithstanding the crowd that surrounded her, and the whispering, smiles, and winks, which arose from applause and disapprobation, she danced with inimitable grace. When she returned to her seat, she inquired of Sir William Selby how she had acquitted herself. "Here comes one, Madam,"—said he, rising with the utmost agitation painted on his countenance,—"who

“ will inform you, no doubt—one
 “ whose praise and approbation will
 “ be more acceptable than the adu-
 “ lation of all his sex.”—I started—
 my Julia looked surprised—but the
 astonishment which was painted on
 the face of the fair Conyers, soon
 gave way to a deadly paleness, when
 she observed the cause that had given
 rise to this alteration in our worthy
 friend, but which she had not seen
 before. A gentleman drest in deep
 mourning approached her. We soon
 discovered it was Captain Manly.

“ PARDON me, Miss Conyers, that
 “ I have not paid my respects to you
 “ before—but the happiness, the joy
 “ this

“ this unexpected meeting with you,
 “ occasioned such a tumult in my
 “ bosom, as rendered me incapable
 “ of addressing you.”——

“ I COULD very well,” said she, re-
 covering herself, “ dispense with your
 “ doing so not only now, Sir, but at
 “ any future period, when chance
 “ brings us to the same place — nor
 “ do I wish to be insulted with the
 “ compliments of a man whom I
 “ have learnt to despise.”——

“ FOR Heaven’s sake ! my ado-
 “ rable Jessa ! how—how have I de-
 “ served all this cruel contempt ?
 “ You injure me more than you ima-

"gine. Permit me to call upon
"you."——

"LEAVE me, Captain Manly."

"I CANNOT, will not leave you.
"This fable dress is worn——"

"FOR whom?"——(with quickness.)

"FOR your departed friend—my
"Isabella is no more."

"Is your wife dead?"——

"SHE is."——

"PEACE be with her, and all my
"wrongs be buried in her grave!"——

"Will you not hear me, then? Mr.

"Frankly, will you permit me to
"call upon you in the morning?"

"ASK

“ Ask Miss Conyers : if you have
“ her permission, you have mine.”

“ You may call, Sir—I will hear
“ you ; but leave me now.”

HE bowed, and silently obeyed her. Joy and triumph sparkled in his eyes. —She had promised her hand to Lord Modern for the evening—he came and claimed the performance of her promise. She arose and joined the set who were going to dance, without taking the least notice of Sir William Selby, who stood buried in thought by the side of us. He looked after her for a moment, when turning to me, he exclaimed with a sigh—“ Oh !

O 3 “ Frankly,

“ Frankly, I am again deceived ! Yet
 “ observe that form—look at the
 “ lovely innocence painted on that
 “ face—who would have thought it
 “ concealed so capricious, so mean a
 “ heart ? Women, my friend, are all
 “ alike. Pardon me, fair Julia,
 “ (turning to my wife) I mean not to
 “ reflect on you. Perhaps you are
 “ an exception.—Yes, I believe you
 “ good.”

“ AND why doubt the goodness of
 “ my friend ?—I own, she has this
 “ evening surprised me—I know not
 “ what to think of her proceed-
 “ ing. What is your opinion, Mr.
 “ Frankly ?”

“ I AM

“ I AM not so willing as either of
 “ you to condemn her till I see far-
 “ ther reason.”——

“ OBSERVE her now,” said Sir
 William, “ she is even conversing
 “ with the sordid wretch. See with
 “ what triumphant joy he gazes
 “ upon her—yet did he not basely
 “ deceive her, and leave her helpless,
 “ unprotected, and exposed to all the
 “ dangers of a treacherous, design-
 “ ing world? Can love teach her not
 “ only to forgive, but to reward the
 “ man who so injuriously forsook
 “ her?—I see by their behaviour to
 “ each other, how it will be. I am
 “ distracted—yet why should I blame
 “ her? She may be unable to con-

“quer her love for the man she even
 “contemns. Yet this is the world you
 “praise, and of which you have so
 “high an opinion. Believe me,
 “Frankly, had you been wounded
 “as I have been, you would think
 “otherwise.”

“PERHAPS not—even now, my
 “friend, you complain without know-
 “ing why.”

“THIS is the first time,” said he,
 colouring, “that I have found you
 “insensible to the sufferings of a fel-
 “low-creature.”

“I THOUGHT Sir William Selby
 “had known me better.”

“PARDON

“PARDON me, Frankly, I know
 “not what I say. My peace again
 “is wounded. I will leave this place
 “—but before the new-born day
 “appears, my reason shall reassume
 “its empire. I will compel my soul
 “to submit to and acknowledge the
 “wise dispensations of Providence—
 “for though they are intricate, they
 “must be just.”

He left the assembly without taking leave of any one. The remaining part of the evening I more particularly observed the behaviour of Miss Conyers, and with surprise saw her receive the homage of Captain Manly with apparent satisfaction, and

even

even converse with him in the same familiar style, as if nothing disagreeable had ever passed between them. When we returned home, she inquired where Sir William Selby was. We told her of his sudden departure. "Is he ill?" said she, carelessly. "I fear," replied my Julia, "his disorder is seated in the mind."—"That is surprising," said she, "I thought him in a very cheerful humour when we first joined the agreeable party of this evening." "May be so," said I, sternly—"but though one may be entertained by the delusive voice of deceit, and be charmed with the artful blandishments it can assume, the honest
 " and

“ and unsuspecting heart is too often
 “ wounded at the vain credulity of
 “ others.” She returned no answer,
 and we retired to our respective apart-
 ments in silent dissatisfaction.

THE MORNING VISITOR.

WE were scarcely assembled in the breakfast-room, and joined by Sir William Selby, who, with a cheerfulness that his countenance too plainly informed us was merely assumed, had paid us the compliments of the morning, before the name of Captain Manly was announced. “De-
 “fire him to walk in,”—cried Miss Conyers, in the most lively manner. He entered the room, and after gracefully paying his respects to each, apologized to the ladies for the unfashionable early visit he made them—but imputed it to his impatience
 of

of seeing the lovely maid, whose kind permission had encouraged him to become a visitor at our house.

“HALF these apologies would
 “have sufficed, Captain,”—said Miss
 Conyers. “Mrs. Frankly will, I
 “dare say, give you a dish of tea,
 “without thinking she confers a
 “mighty obligation on you.”—My
 Julia bowed assent. When we had
 finished our morning repast, Captain
 Manly begged Miss Conyers to in-
 dulge him with half an hour’s con-
 versation. We all immediately arose
 to depart. “Sit still, my friends,”
 said she, “this gentleman can have
 “nothing to say to me, but what you
 “all

“all may hear. I have not a thought,
 “Sir,”—turning to Captain Manly,
 —“but what I wish these friends to
 “know.” None of us refused the
 invitation, but taking our seats, ex-
 pected the Captain to speak.

For some minutes he appeared
 irresolute in what manner to begin,
 and his countenance quickly dis-
 covered the emotion of his mind.
 He doubted not but he should be
 able to persuade a love-sick girl to seal
 his forgiveness; but he was fearful
 that his excuses might not appear so
 plausible to her more impassioned and
 experienced friends.

“MADAM—

“MADAM—Miss Conyers”—said
he—“you surprise me. What I have
“to say, I would wish you only to
“hear. I should suppose these
“friends, however dear to you, de-
“fire not to hear a tale which I
“would wish to impart to you
“alone.”

“By all means, Madam,” cried
Sir William Selby, again rising with
a contemptuous smile on his counte-
nance, “oblige the gentleman. For
“my part, I would not wish to pry
“into the secrets of any one, or stoop
“to hear that in private, which I
“should be ashamed to acknowledge
“in public.”

“I KNOW

“ I KNOW not what you mean,” cried the Captain, colouring with passion. “ Who are you, Sir, that dare to make use of such insinuations to my prejudice ?”

“ I AM the friend to Virtue,” said he, “ and an avowed enemy to Deceit, and all the forms she makes use of to delude the unwary. No bribe should tempt me to forsake the innocent maid whose hopes of happiness depended on my truth, tho’ a crown was opposed to indigence.”

“ I BEG you will be calm, Sir,” said Miss Conyers, addressing herself to the Captain—“ and you, Sir,”—
turning

turning to Sir William Selby —
 “oblige me, by hearing what this
 “gentleman has to say. Do not for-
 “sake me at a time when I most want
 “your advice and protection. What
 “are your commands with me, Sir?”
 turning to the Captain.

“I COME, Madam, to make a-
 “tonement for my former conduct,
 “which I acknowledge wants some
 “excuse, by offering you my hand
 “and fortune. My heart has been
 “ever and only yours.”

“AND do you think, your present
 “offer will make atonement for
 “your former conduct? Can such a
 VOL. IV. P “repa-

“ reparation be equal to the torment
 “ my unexperienced heart endured
 “ when I was so unjustly abandoned,
 “ and thrown a friendless, unpro-
 “ tected orphan to the mercy of an
 “ unfeeling, dangerous world ?—and
 “ but a few hours before you accom-
 “ panied my rival to the altar, insulted
 “ with vows you were determined to
 “ break ?”

“ I ACKNOWLEDGE my guilt—but
 “ surely the indigence with which I
 “ was then encompassed, was some
 “ excuse. Every moment of my fu-
 “ ture life——”

“ OUGHT to be employed in asking
 “ pardon of that Being whose altar
 “ you

“you have profaned with your per-
 “jured, interested vows. I have not
 “found it so difficult as I imagined
 “to conquer an ill-placed passion.
 “Had you been true, no bribe should
 “e’er have tempted me to have for-
 “feited my vows.”——

“AND can you doom me to misery
 “by refusing me your hand? Can-
 “not the severest penitence regain
 “the heart I, like a villain, wounded
 “and threw from me?”

“NEVER.—I will not unite inno-
 “cence with guilt. If your vanity
 “has nursed such hopes, blame not
 “the justice which destroys them.

" I have no heart to give—'tis nei-
 " ther yours nor mine—and to ex-
 " plain the mystery at once—for I
 " see surprise on every countenance
 " —however strange and unusual
 " such a confession may appear—I
 " can, without a blush, acknowledge,
 " 'tis in this gentleman's pos-
 " session." —

" ASTONISHMENT !" cried the de-
 lighted Sir William, to whom she
 addressed herself—" may I believe my
 " senses ! Once more repeat the sweet
 " confession, to convince me of its
 " reality."

" WILLINGLY—because I see that
 " confession has made you happy—
 " You

“ You alone possess my heart—
 “ I have long known of your dis-
 “ interested attachment to me,
 “ and with impatience have waited
 “ for a moment that would con-
 “ vince you beyond a doubt of
 “ my sincerity. Had such an oppor-
 “ tunity been denied, still had it been
 “ concealed.”—Sir William’s joy was
 beyond the power of words to de-
 scribe, but he was prevented making
 any acknowledgments at that time to
 the fair dispenser of his happiness,
 by the complaints of his humbled
 rival.

“ I CANNOT but acknowledge the
 “ justice of my sentence,”—said he—

“ but could have wished I had not
 “ been made a witness on this oc-
 “ casion.”

“ For that alone, I have to beg
 “ your pardon,” said she. “ I wish
 “ not to insult even an enemy, or re-
 “ taliate the slightest of my wrongs.
 “ But can you blame me for endea-
 “ vouring to make his happiness
 “ complete, who protected my inex-
 “ perience youth, who would have
 “ screened me from all the mortify-
 “ ing scenes of indigent dependence,
 “ restored me to affluence, and taught
 “ me to be happy.—Own that I have
 “ acted right, and I not only for-
 “ give, but will endeavour to think
 “ of

“ of you with esteem, and even wish
“ you happiness.”

“ FAREWELL, Madam,”—said he,
—with more of anger and disappoint-
ment than sorrow in his countenance,
—“ you are, upon the whole, pretty
“ even with me. May the man you
“ have preferred to me, never give
“ you reason to repent your choice !”
He hurried out of the house,

“ NEVER shall my Jessa have rea-
“ son to think with regret on that
“ hour that makes her mine. This
“ happy morning has made my bliss
“ complete. Frankly, and you, fair
“ Julia,” cried he, “ I call upon you

“to congratulate me on this un-
“looked for, undeserved felicity.

“You need not do that,” said I,
—“we both share in your joy—nor
“ever doubted but happiness would
“one day be given to two persons
“who so amply deserve it. Virtue,
“patience, and benevolence carry
“with them their own reward.” We
left the apartment.

LOVERS have short memories. We
were obliged to send and inform them
that dinner was on the table, and that
we impatiently expected them to par-
take of it.

THE RETURN.

WITHIN a few days after the foregoing eclaircissement we left Scarborough. According to our promise we called upon the good old pair; but we found them involved in the deepest affliction. The lovely Marianne had paid Nature's last debt, and at a time when returning reason had begun to make her sensible of her lover's penitence and increased affection, and given every friend hopes of her recovery. They informed us, that the wretched lover was nearly in the same situation as that in which we had left the unfortunate Marianne.

anne. "Alas!" cried the adopted mother, "what avails his repentance, "now our child is in her grave! Will "his tears restore her to life, or atone "for our loss! 'Tis true, we sheltered her in her infant years: she "was the stay and support of our old "age. Poor, timid sufferer! in the "grave only could she find repose. "Yet she that ever felt another's "woes, died for another's guilt."

"Weep no more, my friends," said I;—"eternal peace is hers. "Look farther than the grave, or "else behold the grave as the bed on "which she sweetly sleeps. Had she "still lived, still might sorrow have "found

“found its way to her wounded bo-
 “som. Piety and virtue will not ex-
 “empt us from the trials and evils
 “of this life, though they will pro-
 “cure us the rewards of the next.”

“I wish to be resigned,” said she
 —“but my heart revolts against my
 “reason. I wish the suffering peni-
 “tent Edward to be again restored
 “to peace—yet cannot at present
 “look upon him in any other light
 “than as the robber who has de-
 “prived me of mine.”

GRIEF loves to complain—com-
 passion should lend an attentive ear
 —and benevolence use her utmost
 efforts

efforts to soften mortals woe.—We wept—listened to the tale of sorrow—and made use of every consoling argument which reason and religion offered—then left the mourning pair with unfeigned reluctance.

ON my arrival in London, I received a visit from Sir George Thoughtless, to inform me that he had heard of an estate which was to be disposed of within a few miles of W * * *, the place in which my Julia and I were born, and in which we had passed so many happy, innocent, and thoughtless days. I set off, made a purchase of the estate, and employed a number of workmen to get the
house

house immediately ready for our reception.

SIR William Selby and Miss Conyers were united before we left London. I tied the indissoluble knot, and never was the matrimonial chain worn with more felicity. Sir William Selby made a purchase within ten miles of W***; and as there was no house fit for him and his lady to inhabit, they agreed to spend their time with us till one could be built for them. This was a matter of joy to us—for we had so long found our own happiness increased by their society, that we were unwilling to be deprived

deprived of so agreeable and valuable
a blessing.

BEFORE we left London, we visited
all those with whom we had formed
any particular acquaintance, informed
them of the place of our retreat, and
invited them to visit us whenever they
could make such an excursion plea-
sant to themselves.

FAREWELL VISIT TO LADY D**.

THE taking leave of a friend beloved, is a painful, disagreeable task. We dreaded calling upon lady D**, lest the loss of our society should add to her other afflictions. We were, on entering her apartment, agreeably surprised at finding her in high spirits.—“ Welcome, my
“ friends,” cried she—“ Never more
“ welcome than in this smiling hour
“ of returning happiness. My be-
“ loved husband has seen his errors
“ —he has just been acknowledging
“ the injustice and folly of his past
“ conduct,

“conduct, and has made ample a-
 “tonement for all my sufferings, by
 “confessing he never loved me so
 “well as he now does.—You were a
 “true prophet, my good Mr. Frankly
 “—I doubt not but Sir Henry will
 “steadily adhere to his promised re-
 “formation, and then the remaining
 “part of my life will be crowned
 “with peace and contentment.”—
 We both congratulated her on the
 change of her affairs, and then in-
 formed her, the purport of our visit
 was to bid her farewell, having fixed
 on the following day for our depar-
 ture from London.—A cloud in-
 stantly overspread her countenance.
 “I had hopes, my friends,”—said

she—"you would not have left us so
 "soon—I am unwilling to part with
 "you—'Tis natural for mortals to
 "wish for more than they can enjoy.
 "However, if I can prevail upon Sir
 "Henry to accompany me, our ab-
 "sence from each other shall not be
 "a long one, as we will visit you in
 "your rural retreat, in order to pre-
 "vail upon you to spend some time
 "with us in town. You shall teach
 "us to follow your example, and I
 "hope we shall be rewarded with an
 "equal portion of Hymeneal fel-
 "city."

We expressed our pleasure at the
 promise she had made us, telling

VOL. IV.

Q

her,

her, we should claim the performance of it. The two fair friends shed tears at parting, and I left the amiable Lady D** with the greatest reluctance.

which we hoped to meet. We had seen the world in very different situations—had tasted some of its bitterness and were no strangers to its sweets. Experience had taught us not to expect uninterrupted happiness in any situation, as the rising our expectations too high, is the sure way to meet disappointment. The trials and afflictions we met with in the pilgrimage of many years, we looked upon as misfortunes to which every mortal was exposed—but whilst

THE CONCLUSION.

WE found in our retreat, the peace and satisfaction with which we hoped to meet. We had seen the world in very different situations—had tasted some of its bitters, and were no strangers to its sweets. Experience had taught us not to expect uninterrupted happiness in any situation, as the raising our expectations too high, is the sure way to meet disappointment. The rubs and afflictions we met with in the pilgrimage of many years, we looked upon as misfortunes to which every mortal was exposed—but whilst

our hearts were bent down with affliction, we beheld others whose trials were more severe, and became thankful that we were so gently wounded. Every increasing blessing we received, appeared much greater than we deserved, and we tasted the sweets of life with a higher relish. We buried two of our children—but four still remain to bless our declining years, having no reason to fear they will be good and useful members of society.

Old Age has already marked us for his own. My Julia has lost her bloom, but retains her virtues. Health seems to be withdrawing her smiles from me, but cheerfulness does not forsake

forſake me. Our love has ſurvived
our youth, and both are equally de-
ſirous to outlive the other; yet can
behold the grave without anxiety or
fear, and regard it as a friend, which,
if it finally deſtroys our enjoyments
here, repays them amply by leading
us to thoſe regions of bliſs which we
ſhall never leave.

My obſervations upon life I be-
queath to the world. May none diſ-
regard them, but remember they
were written by one whom experience
had convinced of their truth, whoſe
ſituation in life was ſuch, that if he
has little farther to hope for from
proſperity, he has likewise as little to
forſake

fear

fear from adversity—By one whose
 desire of fame is extinguished by an
 approaching grave, and whose fear
 of envy or malignant criticism ex-
 pires at the thought of being judged
 before a more awful and just tri-
 bunal.

THE END.

from adversity—by one whole
decade of time is exemplified by an
approaching storm, and whole years
of agony or rest, from a storm of
guilt at the thought of being forgotten
before a more awful and the
final

THE END